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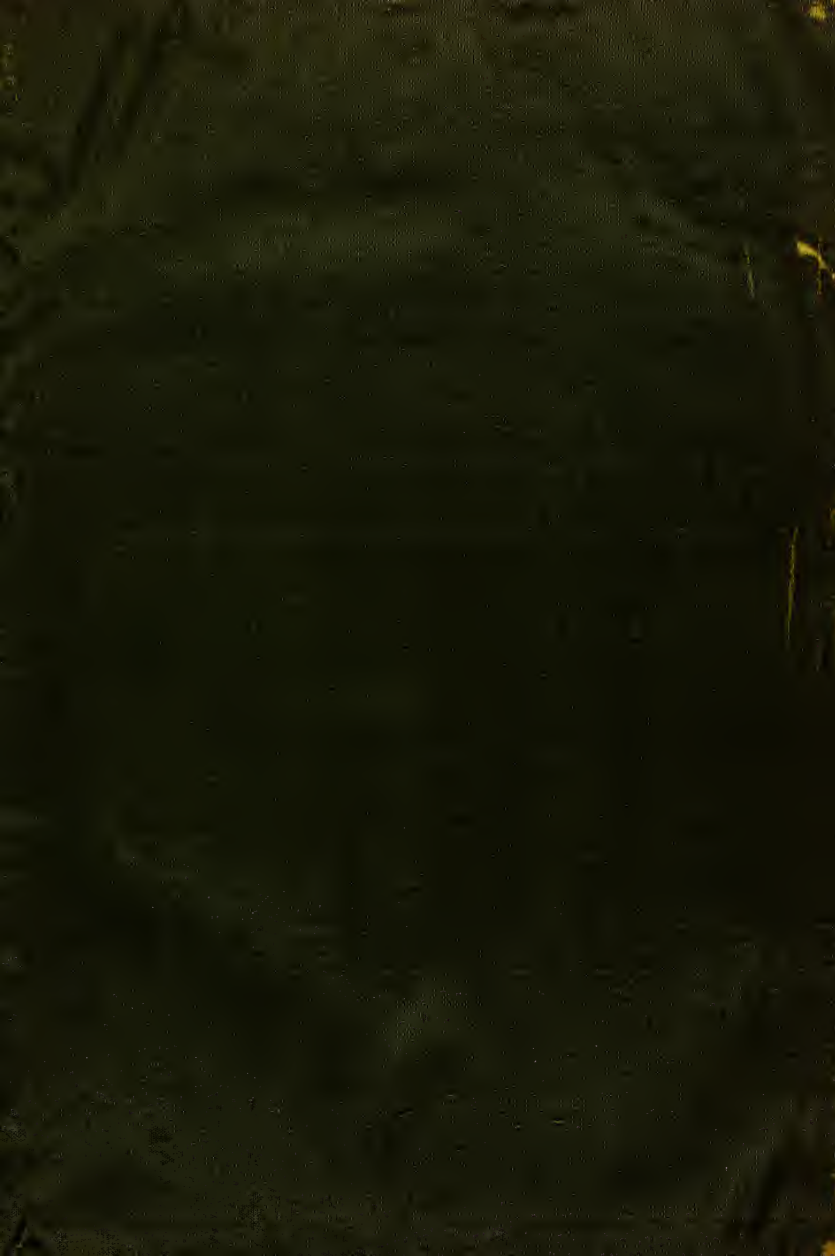
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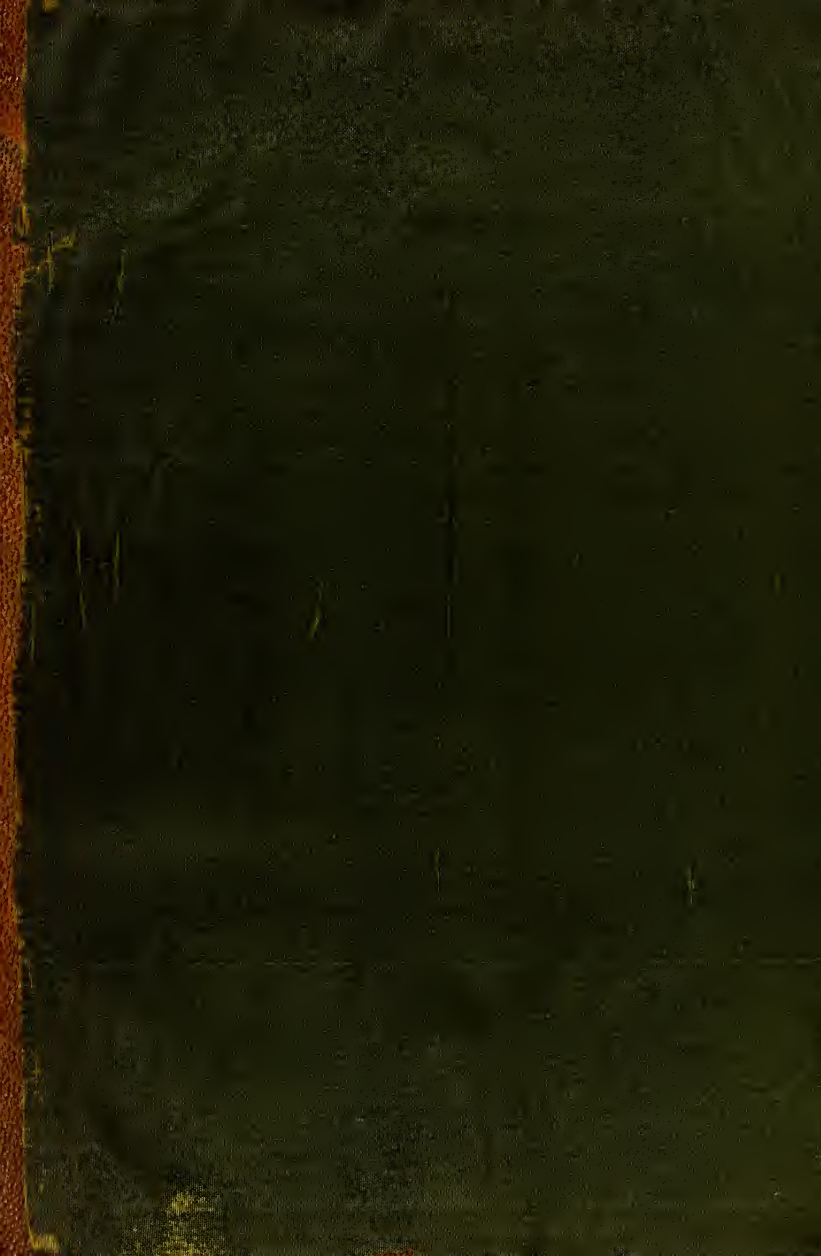
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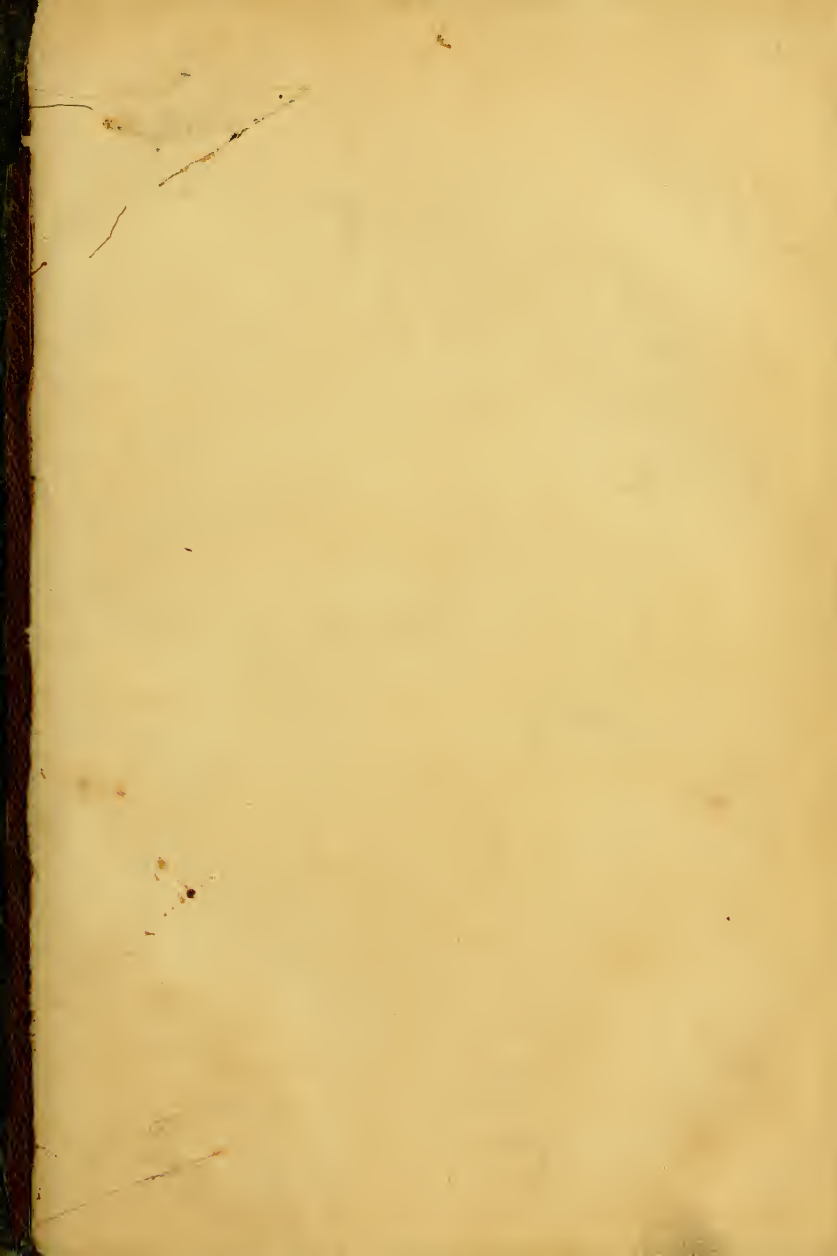
IZONA

A COMEDY.











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No copy of this book will be sold ; It is a tree which rooted
in the heart fruits the author's compliments to his friends.

Jonathan Sumner Thos
to
Congressional Library,

ARIZONA.

Supposed by the Author to be
A COMEDY.

Jonathan B. Frost ✓
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PS 1722
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To my wife, whom I was with
on beginning this play,
And my angel, who was with me
on its completion.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Entering on first act, beginning on page 1.

EULA, daughter to the Carters.

MR. CARTER.

MRS. CARTER.

ROLAND, son to the Carters.

LORD HAZELTON.

MUSIC-BOY, afterwards known as Barrios.

Entering on second act, first scene, beginning on page 16

ROLAND.

EULA, as Barrios.

RENEAUD.

BARRIOS, formerly known as Music-boy.

Entering on second act, second scene, beginning on page 24.

LANDLORD.

WILLIAM CLACK.

CARTER.

HAZELTON.

COY, a claim-pusher.

BARRIOS.

SHIEFELLIN.

RENEAUD

ROLAND.

EULA, as Barrios.

JIM JUNKINS, SALLY JONES, and other mining-camp
characters.

Entering on third act, first scene, beginning on page 47.

ROSALIE, sister to Reneaud.

EULA, as Barrios.

ROLAND.

SEÑORA, a Mexan woman.

MEXAN YOUTH, her son.

RENEAUD.

CARTER, HAZELTON, BARRIOS, and COWBOYS.

Entering on third act, second scene, beginning on page 64.

COWBOYS.

COWBOY.

WAGON-BOSS.

SHIEFELLIN.

YANKEE.

CARTER.

HAZELTON.

BARRIOS.

ROLAND and RENEAUD, passing in the background.

EULA, as BARRIOS, and ROSALIE, passing in background.

Entering on third act, third scene, beginning on page 75.

ROLAND.

EULA, as Barrios.

RENEAUD.

ROSALIE.

CARTER.

BARRIOS.

HAZELTON.

SHIEFELLIN.

PIKE PARSON.

Display of Arizona Scenery.

Curtain.

PLAYERS REQUIRED

1. EULA.
2. ROLAND.
3. MRS. CARTER and ROSALIE.
4. CARTER.
5. HAZELTON.
6. BARRIOS.
7. RENEAUD.
8. LANDLORD and WAGON-BOSS.
9. WM. CLACK and YANKEE.
10. SHIEFELLIN and MEXAN YOUTH.
11. COY, JIM JUNKINS, COWBOY and PETE PARSONS.
12. SALLY JONES and SENORA.

ARIZONA.

Supposed by the Author to be
A COMEDY.

FIRST ACT.

SCENE:

Street in New York City, before Mr. Carter's residence.

*(Enter first time Mr. Eula, daughter to the late
Mrs. Mr. Carter's daughter.)*

Eula Ah me! how weary is this little world!
How sadly, madly, are we weaklings whirled
Through this vapid run of social rush,
Just to be considered "In the push"!
Is there woods, and runs, and rising suns
Beyond the city's rattle, dust, and hums?
Stretches noonday over flowered plains?
Or glares it always hot from window-panes?
Somewhere this dusky evening's drowsy charm's
Unchoked of dust, unstartled by alarms;
And I'm sure the gentle moonbeam falls
On else than cobble-stones and barren walls.
Oh! I'm weary with this stifling city;
I long for watered woodlands, song-bird's ditty,

To live and roam and breathe and rest 'neath
nature,
As free as air, and wild as — what creature?

(Enter Carter from street, Mrs. Carter on lower
veranda.)

Carter. Oh, come not forth to-night to meet me;
Instead of joy must sorrow greet thee!

Mrs. Carter. Alack! what heavy grief contorts this way?

Carter. Oh, this the night is of our fortune's day!
To speedy ruin on a single tide
Is swept good name and fortune, honor, pride!

Mrs. Carter. Take strength, stout heart; say not thou'rt thus
o'errun.

What woes have fallen from this single sun?

Carter. Yea, from this single son, indeed!
A pest upon the sun that brought him forth!—
Stay not my up-pent wrath, nor stop its flash,
But know the cause why fury rides my breath:—

Good wife, how many weary years I've spent
To garner up this harvest for my age!
How many nights your anxious heart awaited
Tardy love awhilest o'er-drowsy eyes
Groped over midnight-blurred books!
Ah! bitter crusts I've broke and saved the crumbs;
Hard days worked and stingy clutched the
pennies;

And all my cautious conduct circled in
And hedged by close economy's cramped hand.

Mrs. Carter. Aye, good heart, but those were days of love
And nights all sweet with rest, without a care.

The boon they brought beyond the passing
present

And pleasant passing sensibilities —
Our daughter of the spring, all smiles and flowers,
And loyal good-heart — somewhat wayward son.

Carter A trifling wretch ! a stripling makeshift man !
A lazy lout ! a callow, unkempt kid
Who ever thought to waste and never save ;
To broadcast scatter all and never glean.
His only study was consuming of
My means ; how most to disobey my will ;
His father's honor's blot and shameful ruin —
Oh, hear me through ! I'll rave, for thus it was :

On Change stocks all uncertain were, and few
Did buy or sell, when fresh from night of brawl,
Full-flush, and blear-eyed, he from feast of wine,
All liquor-legged, rushed in and crazy cried,
And bought such reckless hazard of results
That all, supposing he some smart pointer
Had received, rushed in the cry and craze,
And while the scene was wild he bought and sold
And lost and lost, and sold and bought and lost
And lost, till all was lost and ruin came.
Oh, wretched father paupered by a son !
My shame will scarce allow I pass my threshold !

(Enter Roland.)

Roland. (Singing.) I'm a swagger, swell fellow,
Scouting fortune's foul folly —

Carter. Ah, profligate spendthrift ! addle-pated fool !
Pass not these portals, darken not my door ;

Never breathe to me the title "father;"
Go your way and starve or beg your bread;
A vagabond, be cuffed about the world
And learn the stuff 'tis made of; hanger-on
My purse no longer be, thou sapping leech,
Thou father's shame, thou mother's woe, thou
sister's
Deep humiliation and abridgement
Of all her joy, her marital chance!
Ah! if I longer look on you
Indignation will my bosom burst!

(He bursts out.)

Eula. (Above)

What curse! what chance to wed a curse is this?

Roland. (Singing.) Over loss I can't bellow,
Midnight still is all jolly.

Mrs. Carter Oh, son! how have you so displeased your
father?

Roland. Oh, mother! how my father has displeased me!

Mrs. Carter Roland, have you wildly sown the wind
That now this whirlwind you must reap?

Roland. Good mother!

Mrs. Carter Has intoxication scattered all
And homeless left us—as yourself?

Roland. 'Tis true
That tipsy I have fortune topsyturvied,
And wine has scattered thrift upon the wind.

Mrs. Carter Oh, what grief this chance will bring my daughter!

What wretched destiny plunge your sister in!

Roland Nay, good mother-heart, more, better cheer;
For none would such harsh fate more better bear
Than free and lovely gay-heart Eula would.

Mrs. Carter Then falls this care upon your father's age!

Roland Ah! heard you not my angered father's boast
I should ne'er o'erstep his gorgeous stoop;
His floor my scapegrace weight should never
press?

And his they are, and all his safe-locked bonds;
For less I've lost than hitherto had gained;
No more drunk than many times before;
This method, too, I've often pushed and won,
To craze the crowd and ride the craze to fortune.
But here I staid too long, o'erswam the tide,
And could not buffet back to shore. But that
Is naught. These fortunes floating loose must
daily

Change their hands. Why were it not, my
mother,

For the pleasant pride of showy wealth,
The needless pomp that gaudy vainness wears,
You scarce would miss a dime.

Mrs. Carter Good son, this news is leverage to lift your
father's

Heavy grief, and straight I'll bring full frank
Forgiveness in his hand.

(Exit Mrs. Carter.)

Roland.

Ha, full his hand

With franks! you'll sooner touch his shekel
heart!

Oh, tender, pious spirit! that thou wouldst
The "woman new" enough imbibe to cuff
Those stingy wrinkles off his crusty face: —
'Tis strange that he should get a youth like me;
That she, all rooster-pecked, should such a
daughter

Bear; for Eula, on half a chance, I'm sure,
Would pull the breeches on; and I too senseless
Am to mourn a curse — else would have wept
These many years of wasting honor; but
Instead, have chased regret around the sparkling
Brim, and made despairing good a mirth.
Now free, naught happier can I wish to do
Than 'neath some lonesome shade laugh off dull
time

In doleful tune with some bereft cuckoo,
A-sport with nature's jests, and more at mine.
Arizona is the bracing clime
Of decorated plains, deep woods, and ridges,
Rock-ribbing chasms, cañons, abrupt gorges
Where wild waters thunder up their dirges
To forest's feathered and æolian chime!

These are for my "uncle" — touching leave.
The loss of dollars causes me no dolour.
Were I to call a curse — 'tis nature's call
With comic things to stop our serious thought.

(Enter Lord Hazelton.)

Hazelton. Oh, Lord! Sir Roland, what's afloat? I never
Saw your countenance so disturbed.

Roland. My soul's afloat on time, and as I cut
My anchor from this island, curses—

Hazelton. Oh, Lord!

Roland. Impassioned, hence pathetic, slobber
From my mouth into this moral maelstrom.

Hazelton. Oh, forbear, Sir Roland! your expression
Nauseates!

Roland. This rot called honor, stinking
Social cleanness, I have swallowed nigh
To twenty years, and now must belch it up.
We lie, we steal, we cheat, we gamble on;
'Tis honor while we win! Lose once and we're
Disgraced. This rule controls our merchants all.

Hazelton. I know—don't tell me—all Americans
Will overheat the—liquid in the veins
And needle up the nerves. Is your sister—

Roland. My sister is.—My lord, I've stomached this
Till now, by savor of my cups,
There are fathers who would sell their daughter's
Hand, and lords would sell their soul;
But now I'm sure the lord and father both
Are sold. Here enter; find some comfort.

Hazelton. Thanks.
Sir Roland, thanks.

(Exit Hazelton.)

Roland. Unto the dolt I open
Wide the door which I shall never, praised
Be fortune, pass again. Yes, I may trust
Her self-defense though slimy lords do crawl
Forth thick as polliwogs with leeching suits.
Dirty honor gone, I'll gain some manhood !

Eula. Ho, Rolly ! whereto are you off so early ?

Roland. To the laundry.

Eula. Ah, you seem already well
Done up.

Roland. In seams — of else the starch is out.

Eula. Much stiffening were in a walk to Arizona.

Roland. Enough ! Good sister, you're my lone regret.
But fare you well ; nay you must not fare ill.
Your tastes demand the best of life, your worth —
Better than exists in men. You still
Will flaunt all little lords. One day a man
Will come with quiet force and take your heart.
His easy dignity of every move is self-reserve.
His unaffected grace high overtops
Convention's common laws, the which are stilts
To common men. Broad-minded, he is free
From jealous canker. Unassuming honor
He ignores suspicion :— Conscious of his worth,
Not egotistic, nor self-conscious,
Yet knows himself, and self-appreciative,
His thought too lofty is for envy's seat. —
Aye you may take him !— rather must ! Till then,
And then, you'll stand your father's will aloof.

Oh! your resistless claim e'er set on good.
Your artful grace, woman's right diplomacy,
Will win your will. I'm off for Arizona
To bellow, stroll, and roll about in nature
With beastly freedom, being tired, being beastly.

(Exit Roland.)

Enla. Oh, my life! my light is out! my heart,
My future night-enveloped are. My grace
Will help me little without my brother to
Interpret it and champion all my wishes.
Oh, happier were a menial washing dishes
Than I, unto a crank's most rank caprices
An abject slave, without a hand or heart
My own! Oh, such a father I disown!
And will unto my brother cleave whose open
Frankness often faced his father's harshness
Off. — But how?

(Enter Spanish music-boy, playing.)

Ha, cad, come here! Would you
This jewel wear?

Music-boy. For sure! I'll play for it.

Enla. Nay stay! for it — you'll drop your instrument —
Leap the garden-wall — throw me your clothes!

Music-boy. I would not freeze — but fear that the police —

Enla. Fear not; to you my brother's suit I'll throw;
About the town in better clothes you'll go,
And on your finger wear this blue-white prize.

Music-boy. Not for the jewel, but those lovely eyes.

(Leaps on the wall.)

Not fooling me? You wish for this disguise?

Eula. My time is short! make haste, or spoil my sport.

(Exit Eula. Music-boy leaps over the wall and throws his suit to upper veranda.)

Music-boy. Good-bye, old coat, you full the circle where
The arms you've naked left would never dare!
Blessed vest, guard well that lovely breast!
Oh, lucky pants! Oh that a Spanish dog
Should wear you into such a chance! — but hold!
Carry up these kisses, to the seat
Of 'static blisses!

(Re-enter Eula.)

Eula. Imp! my mother on
The stair, I could not reach my brother's robe.

Music-boy. The stare? — Ah, she was watching you?

Eula. (Throwing skirt and waist.) But these
Will cover you, — so quick jump into woman's
Sphere, and put a girlish simper on.

Music-boy. (Aside.) I'd rather she would clothe me with her
smiles. —
Oh, good lady!

Eula. Hush, and don the dress —
You'll rouse the dog! — Ha, this is artful grace, —
What Rolly said is woman's right diplomacy!

Mrs. Carter. (Within.) Eula!

Eula. Lordy, if she should come up!

Mrs. Carter. Eula, daughter!

Eula. Yes, mama! I'm coming!

Mrs. Carter. Lord Hazelton is here and asks for you.

Eula. (Aside.) Asks for me! Sweet Heaven, an escape! —
Mama!

Mrs. Carter. Well, daughter!

Eula. Serve the lord some ice.

(Aside.) 'Twill cool his suit, while I get in my suit. —
Mama!

Mrs. Carter. Well, daughter!

Eula. Serve it in the library.

(Aside.) 'Twill detain him in till I get out.

Oh, Lord! I'm turned around! No wonder
though!

(Having drawn pants on wrong side to.)

Man's sphere's so large, — 'tis not an easy task
To fill his place. But lasses crowd him out;
Then he runs to politics and pouts
That we've usurped his occupation. Oh, me!
I can naught but jest, and my mind
Should be its best. I'll do my best to be
A man! Dear, I must have hysterics! Surely
I am full dressed! Then do not need hysterics.
I shouldn't know how to put them on. Oh! what
Is in a suit? "Aye, that's the question"!

Music-boy. Oh, lady, you didn't throw the simper down!

Eula. Bah! what a fool!

Music-boy. Oh, pretty lady! it will
Not fit my face.

Eula.

Oh, here 's a witty lad!

Hold your shoulder close and help me down.

Hazelton can take what here is left

Of me: — an old shoe-lace and corset-stay

Are enough — oh, oh!

(Falling, but saved from injury by Music-boy.)

I 'm faint: Oh, help

Me out of this unknown: Here, take the ring!

(Enter Carter, Mrs. Carter, and Lord Hazelton
on veranda.)

Music-boy. No, lady! I can't take pay from you!

Eula. Cease! what is your name?

Music-boy.

Del Barrios,—

Eula. Hush, hush!

Carter.

They don't attract me, lord; though some
Are yellow, flowers never blossom gold.

Hazelton. But these old-fashioned marigolds—

Eula.

Nay, mister;

'Tis the latest fad.

Hazelton.

What 'tis?

Eula.

To marry

Gold.

Hazelton. (Aside.) Ha, gad! 'Tis what I have intended.

Carter.

You follow well the youthful fashion of
Impertinence. As brass has brought you up,
Valor's better part will move you on.

Hazelton. This youth wears a gentle look; his grace
And curtness make me curious.

Carter. Ho, gammon!
My friend, the lord, would know your name.

Eula. Ridel
De Barrios.

Carter. And whence you are?

Eula. The son
Am I, to a banished Cuban lord.

Music-boy (Aside) How knows this lady all my history?

Hazelton. Well, sir, what make you here?

Eula. To answer by
The rhyme, "I mar what God has made," but truly
Sir, I make bad music, pleasing lords
By pleasing ladies, playing serenades.

Hazelton. Happily come — what say my friends? — a song
Will faster pulse our lady's heart, and we 'll
Enjoy her quicker presence here. Such music
Play as wakens thoughts romantic in
Fair ladies' minds. — Magician, play.

Eula. Musicians
Play.

Music-boy. (Apart to Eula.) And you have not the fingering?

Eula. Nay I want not the finger-ring.
(Aloud.) My dainty sister here will dance a turn.

Music-boy. (Aside.) I am her brother!

(Music and dance.)

Hazelton. Horrid ordinary! horrid! —
A song to ravish beauty's ear.

Eula. (Sings.) Sweet Lady Amaryllus, —

Hazelton. Why Amaryllus?

Eula. Blooms your lady's face no beauty, lord?

Hazelton. Aye! more than gardens do!

Eula. (Sings.) Sweet lady, sweet Allyssum, —

Hazelton. What is Allyssum?

Eula. What is your lady's worth?

Hazelton. More than mines can hold!

Eula. More than minds
Unfold! her father's fortune's loss would
Lessen much her worth.

Carter. Excuse me, Hazelton; I am beyond
The age and state of sentiment: To steady
Years it is distasteful. (Aside.) Ah, dog Roland,
You will not forgiveness gain by posting
Scamps across my path!

(Exit Carter.)

Hazelton. Young Spaniard, tune your tongue to better taste.

Eula. This lady's rue and hyssop opens only
To the courting coriander.

Hazelton. Who?

Eula. Her love responds to merit. Jealous lord,
You now are dock. Your prickly disposition
Smoothing off, you'll be geranium.

SECOND ACT.

FIRST SCENE.

Arizona. Mountain forest. Moonlight.

(Curtain rises on Edna at harp, and Elsie and Ridel.)

Ridel. Softly thrum such music through the air
As when the moonbeams strung among the leaves
Are gently breathed upon by mellow spring.

Elsie. *(Striking instrument violently and rushing across the stage.)*

Oh, oh!

Ridel. 'Tis true the tempest tumbling up
The woods is nature's music.

Elsie. See! A snake!

Ridel. Young fellow, come, a snack of this.

Elsie. It moves!

Ridel. *(Picking up stick.)*

Ah! this must come to all who tarry long
In Texas.

Elsie. I am weary — with the moon,
And faint with hunger.

Ridel. Well, the man should hide
The moon. — Ridel, my boy, rest easy; there: —
Hunger's tough: and often toughly served.
There, my boy; barefoot I'll tread more lightly.

(Takes off shoe) (Ridel is faint) (see page 2)

Eula. But, sir, I have boots on.

Roland. Eat mine — first.

Eula. Tarantulas!

(Springs away, pushing one boot toward Roland, holding other, a tarantula having fallen to the ground.)

Roland. Ho there! my other boot.

Eula. I can't have half a meal?

Roland. A good full feast,
I will exchange you both my socks. You're right—
They're covers for the feet, not stomach-stayers.—
It don't want us · it's after larger game.

(Exit tarantula.)

Eula. Perhaps 't has dined this week. Oh, Rol—oh, sir,
Good sir, are you not scared?

Roland. Oh yes, I'm scared,—
Else would have checked that fat tarantula
And tried the question which should eat and which
Be eaten.—That 's the struggle of the world.

Eula. Once I read a tale of this wild land : —
Beasts in every mountain crevice crouch,
Lone wanderers' flesh they munch, their bones
they crunch,
And prowl the woods o' nights. No luckless lamb
From the fold once strayed has e'er returned :
Bears are brown to closer come unseen ;
The coyote's galloping cry will split the ears ;
The cougar and fierce cat creep stealthy up. —
Hark ! what sounds so make the world a terror! —

And on the earth, 'twas said, crawl infant snakes
That play with rattles, ven'mous centipedes
Whose jointed hundred legs trail death along,
The lizard too! Oh, sir! is this the river
Whose banks both breed the Gila monster, scaly,
With mouth agape, that puffs a greenish slime,
And is in color blackish-red, as if
That night and hell cohabited for its
Creation?

Roland. By damnation, boy! — your nerves
I'll tonic (Taking flask and cup from pocket.)
This is bad as Change where I
Have stood whole days amongst the bears and bulls.
(Throwing away empty flask and cup.)

A river's waters and not a drop of any-
Thing to drink. — Ugh! it's damp! and chilly!
Ridel de Barrios, you shame your race!
You stand e'en here on Nunez' trail who 'scaped
From Flora's florid skins; — this wilderness
Then was wild; — and barefoot crossed the eastern
Alligator swamps, then swam the Mississippi,
Naked traced the Colorado up
And the Gila reached in skins.

Eula. Well healed he must
Have been.

Roland. Not healed at all; he found no gold.

Eula. Your jest is old.

Roland. You're better now.
(Scraping away leaves and placing stone.)

Eula.

What's this?

Roland. Your bed.—Oh! here's your blanket.

(Tossing her his coat.)

Eula.

You will freeze

Roland. Oh no, my brain's a-fire.

(Lying down.)

The pillow a stone

The dreams bring angels near. — Barry, lad,
I've read of this wild land, that sleeping out
O'nights, and waked by slimy touch of scaly
Creeper — never move a muscle: hold
Your breath. 'Twill think you are a log and crawl
Away — but move, 'twill fang your flesh; that's death
To-night; we're out of antidote.

Reneaud. (In the distance singing.)

Hello, ha ho —

Eula. Ah, hark! what noise?

Roland.

Come hide here, I some good

Divine in this.

Reneaud. (Singing.)

I'm a strolling free fellow
Wandering over the hollow
Calling through hollow, hello!
Waking roe from their wallow.

Roland. (Singing. *Eula* slightly thrumming.)

From the pull of the trollo,
From the tough and the tallow
Gay free fancy I follow
Seeking fat of the fallow.

(Enter *Reneaud* in hunter's costume.)

Reneaud. A mouthy echo, I will call't again. —

(Sings.) Fleetly flies and I follow

Through red nature and yellow
Swift as wing of the swallow
Roe-eyed beautiful Della.

Roland. Throw up — your supper.

(Covering Reneaud with gun, himself under
cover of tree.)

Reneaud. All that's possible
I'm bound to do, not yet have thrown it down.

Roland. This youthful Cuban here is stomach-fagged.

Reneaud. Is he cannibal? Then bring me down;
If not, you'd better bag some better game.

Roland. Ah well! we're friends; then be at ease; but tell
Us where we are and how we may get hence.

Reneaud. You're in the woods; the one way out's to walk.

Roland. We still can leave some tracks, if right directed.

Eula. Sir, you are the gentlest man we've seen
In this rough region, which almost makes you seem
The gentlest gentleman — we've ever seen.
I'm sure you'll bring us from this per'lous wood
To where we'll find some wholesome drink and food.

Reneaud. Your paleness pleads your hunger, youth, no less
Than does your sweet-toned voice; your fine-cut
features
Should be borne by woman's form; no doubt
Your appetite is man's; a lucky hit, —
A dram of bracing cordial I have left,
'Twill loose your belly from your back, inviting

Better fillment. — Sir, a gunshot up this cañon
Stands a mining-camp with hospitality
Broader than 'tis elegant. Not finding
What our palates crave, we 'll roast such game
As suits our taste.

Roland. Then lead the way to food
And drink. You're mirthful company.

Reneaud. You've had
The drop and spared me once, I take no risk
In going forward.

Roland. To a feast, — not any.

(*Exeunt Reneaud and Roland.*)

Eula. Oh, I must carry my concealment well
To still remain with him — and him.

(*Enter Ridel de Barrios.*)

Barrios. Señorita follows him for love;
For love pursue I señorita. Death
To him, — my way to her. I'll follow to
The camp, intrude on him, when he will me
Insult, we quarrel, draw! I strike him down.

(*Drawing stiletto.*)

Eula. Madcap, what frenzy works such fury up?

Barrios. (*Dropping stiletto.*) Señorita! — Double lunacy,
Not come from single moon: two great bright orbs
Blazed on my heart at eventide; I gazed
On them, since which I've naught but sought
their light; —
Through day I've trailed you and watched
through night, —

To feel this fire beneath a single gleam
Of those eye-stars.

Eula. One stare's enough? then take 't!
(Taking up stiletto.)

Barrios. Beaut'ful lady, scorn of my suit —

Eula. I'm in 't!

Barrios. Will make me desperate. My love is des-
Peration! Night intolerable is:—

Eula. You can't endure the stars?

Barrios. Your beauty
Is my day, your eyes my light. You took my clothes,
Suppose you take my name—it honorable is.—
The personage you saw me in, disrobed me of,
A fancy, I a refuge Cuban took
To scout off melancholy. Rebuff is death!

Eula. I paid you for your coat a fair exchange,—

Barrios. No lady, you my doublet when receiving
Lassoed my heart along. Am not deceiving,
It burns with love; your kindness is relieving;
I worthy am; scorn silenced eases grieving;—
Can bring you home,— and family. Believing
Enthrones resolve, and hope emblazoned plunges
On to action;—

Eula. How to freeze this Southern
Temper!

Barrios. Come to camp where I shall kill
This vagabond engrossing you, then fly
We across the Rio Grande.

Eula. Bold sir, o'er-hot idiot, pursue
A further step, divulge my sex, or touch
His life, a hair or scratch his skin, my heart
Will kiss this steel, my bosom thus ensheathes;
Before you, dead I'll drop, and wry your days
With dying woman's curse.

Roland. (Calling from a distance.) Ho Barrios;
Ridel; come boy, we'll lose you in our wake.

Barrios. I'm called!

Eula. Nay hold. Ridel de Barrios's
The name I answer: you should know his coat. —
With this you 'll prosper under other name.
Another face I'm like to better like.

(Tossing him diamond.)

Roland. (Calling.) Ho Barrios.

Eula. That voice is of my brother.

(Exit Eula.)

Barrios. Also señor is her brother! — This
The lady must retake, — and this first love

(Taking up instrument.)

Cleave to the second; find I thus the way
To find what more relations she has!

(CURTAIN.)

SECOND ACT.

SECOND SCENE.

Mining-camp restaurant, showing mountain and mining scenery.

(Curtain rises on Landlord back of lunch-counter,
and William Clack asleep on bench.

Enter Carter and Hazelton.)

Carter. Midnight and Delmonico's!

Hazelton. Your son
Roland's time and place.

Carter. (Sitting and taking up paper.) Ah, we can read
While dinner cooks.

Hazelton. Eh, gad! Americans are
Such promiscuous strollers too that she,
My beauteous she, oh horrors! him would follow
Here.

Carter. (Reading.) "The Lonesome Gulch Consoler."

Hazelton. Gad, hard compulsion hunger is to dine
In this vile place.

Carter. Ah, "Pleasantries." We may
As well be cheerful.

Hazelton. And such a dinner take
As will be served.

Carter. Here, lord 's a humorous column.

Hazelton. Even humor must be ghastly here!

Carter. (Reading.)

"Last Tuesday, foreman J. C. Arnold was operating a scraper on the grade four miles west of Franconio, when an attack of heart-failure overtook him and with a few gasps he was dead. Mr. Arnold leaves a wife and three children."

"R. E. Norton, being bit on the calf by a rattler, emptied a pint of antidote into himself, then grasping the bushes to sustain his equilibrium, was bitten on the thumb by a tarantula. This being very painful, he realized the necessity of reaching one of the river towns to consult a physician. To do so he must cross the Gila, whose swollen and treacherous current had washed a deep cut in the ford, in which Norton's team suddenly disappeared from view. The buggy followed, turning completely over Norton in its descent. Some way very fortunately the horses succeeded in freeing themselves, though Mr. Norton was drowned. Ergo — Shakespeare:

'One woe doth tread upon another's heels.'"

Hazelton. Gad! in the Gila!

Carter. (Reading.)

"The ranch round-up outfit, while working in the Chiricahua mountains, on the 10th inst., discovered between Cave Creek and Dunn Springs, an emaciated man. He had started for a ranch up in the foot-hills, and must have entered the wrong cañon. When nearly exhausted he found water. As the water dried up he gradually

worked up the mountains. He had subsisted on acorns, but the October rains and heavy frosts of the present month had been severe on him, and when found he was a skin-covered skeleton. With a gasp of joy at being rescued his troubles ended."

"Jack Farley, lodging in one of the elegant rooms at Dowdles' Hotel, was visited during the night by a centipede which had crawled up through one of the crevices in the floor. In some way, which the centipede would delight, doubtless, to relate, it reached the top of the bed and addled its hundred legs across Mr. Farley's foot. It has now been forty-eight hours since this event and Jack still sleeps soundly."

Hazelton. Oh horrors! This is Dowdles'! Dinner, no lodging.

Carter. Landlord, shall we eat? When shall we eat?

Landlord. When you've said what you'll eat,—an' that you'll eat.

Carter. Well, well! why are we here! why are we here!

Landlord. That's your question, well asked; now answer it.

Carter. Dinner! dinner! What should we wish but dinner?

Landlord. The reg'lar's off, sir; what d' you want for dinner?

Carter. To eat! to eat! but one thing in your house
And ask me what I want! I want a gun!
A dozen guns! some guns and black strong coffee!

Clack. (Awaking, aside.)

Ho! what row's afoot? Ha purty fuss
To rouse an honest slumberer from spongin'

Of a little rest. — I'll squelch this row
Ur when daylight comes my name won't be
Sir William Clack.

Hazelton.

Landlord, you need not serve
Me corn bread made with water, greasy beans
With fat of pork, fat pork with greasy greens
Nor chickory, though you may call it coffee.

Clack. (Firing gun over their heads.)

Sit down! I'll give you prompter waitin' on.
Landlord, some pone and beans and grass: This colt's
Been livin' 'bove 'is oats. Now knuckle to.
Don't tack no more scandal on this tepee.
Eat, eat: (Firing couple of shots.)

No feather soups don't grow up huare.
Put away this chuck awhile, an' that sickly
Purty pink o' your face 'll chase itself.
An' I grub-stake you week you won't be lankin
'Round so like a mornin'-glory at noon-time.—
Hay, pard, shy up that thar sly bottle huare.
None your pale Blue Mountain corn juice in this:
Loco! that mads the herds down on the mesas! (Drinks.)
The Century Mescal, — God prolong its age, — (Drinks.)
Red fury of the Greaser's bull that runs
On cowards to his death; (Drinks.) Tizwin too! (Drinks.)
The frenzy of the copper buck for scalps. (Drinks.)
(Crosses with Indian dance and yell, to table.)

Now, pard, I've had my stim'lents, fling on some grub.—
Glasses, glasses! Seldom chucken with
The gentry I most furgot to be purlite.

Carter. Landlord, I'll thank you for another plate
Of beans and spinach.

Clack.

Ha, old hoss, a man
After my own stomach: Have some pizen.—
Say, mav'rick, drop none that rye in this.—
Huare's yer life, the pizenest essence o' the earth:—
Rattles, and the tongues o' rattlers, ha ha!—
That 's why it rattles mav'ricks, — 'stilled with green
An' yellow-jointed centipedes, — that gives
It color; — tarant'las freely mixed, to make
Us feel the dance you know, and wasp tails just
To tone the flavor down: Ha ha! drink! drink!—
Drink, — the best bug-juice was ever bottled. (*Drink.*)
How 's that, old bronco?

Carter.

Good: recalls pioneer
Days in old York State.

Clack.

Another, — 'noth'r! (*Drink.*)

Carter. Ha! It makes my spirits young again!

Clack. (*Singing.*)

Ha, ha! drop in the bugs, drop in the snakes,
Drink old tarant'la till we get the shakes.

(*Standing, pours drinks.*)

Carter. Ha, ha! what a quick change on the spirit it brings,
Pour in the stings till we all get the sings.

(*Clack and Carter drink and dance across to counter, while Hazelton overturns glass on table, nervously grabs glass, turning to still face them, much frightened.*)

Hazelton. Gad! the Sing-sings!

Clack. (*To Carter.*)

You're a lump o' free gold
Now one fur partin'! — Hang up huare awhile,

Old buck, we'll have the howl'nest time that ever
 Hell turned loose to cel'brate weddin's with. (Drinks.)
 Jim Junkins is agraftin' of hisself
 Unto Sally Jones to-night. — Their health! — (Drinks.)
 And when the putyin of it's done by old
 Pike Parson, — ha, his health! — they're goin' to Sal's
 Fur good eatin'; then the gang, — their health! —
 Huare's a-comin' fur good drinkin' and
 A heel twist. Huare's to partin'! huare's t' the night! —
 Huare's t' the day that follers night! T' the landlord!
 To your health, old burro! huare's to partin'! —
 One o'clock an' they're not cumin' yit!
 Afore a half they'll be right huare or old
 Bill Clack has lost his callin' awakin' things up.

(Exit Clack, with Indian dance and yell, shooting.
 Hazelton nervously turning against table turns
 it over, falling.)

Carter. (Throwing chair.)

Get up! you cottage-pudding! I'll rule this roost
 While my companion in arms is out. — Imbibe
 Balloon juice! hoist up your courage mountain high!
 Drink! my lord, the sight of you makes me
 Respect son Roland. What a courage-maker
 'Tis! Three gills of this that day on Change,
 I would have bulled the earth, and saved my boy! —
 And what a lib'ralizer is the stuff!
 Were I now at home, and full as now,
 I'd give my wife a pair kang'roo shoestrings —
 That she might hang herself — for driving off
 My son. — Cheese-face, don't stare at me with gaugle
 Eyes. T' what wisdom too it wakes the fagged

Brain. It shows to me, my lollylop,
That you had just as well hoist sail and scud
For old Fog Island. We Americans
Are such promiscuous livers, because we all
Are men; we have small tolerance for pinched
Abortioned pimples. Shame that ever I looked
With favor once on that could not be once
A man 'mongst men, and once be brave,—

Coy. (Entering.)

Hello!

My old friend Carter of York! well how 'd you leave
All the folks down there? Well, well! the last
Mortal I ever 'spected t' see way out here!
Aren't lost eh? When 'd you come in? last stage?
Just arrived; had supper? — well shake again!

Carter. Have a drink. — Another. —

Coy.

One more; — thanks.

Now come sit down, old friend, talk over times. —
Awful lucky we met so soon. Must warn
You right now lest we fail to have another
Talk, against — these sharks. They 'll be pushing
All sorts of fake claims; when you wish to place —
A small sum, — come to me; I 'll steer you straight.
You know you people from salt-level, not used
To this light air, are apt to be light-headed —
Handed. — I am here to hold you down
Close on the earth. — Know Dixon? Well slightly. —
A rascal knave was Dun to persecute
Him. — Oh, he never stole the money. — I say
In my rough travels 'round this country

Now for forty years I've found that men —
Are honest. —

Carter. Have a drink. — Have you a gun?
I wish to get that shot. (*Indicating Hazelton.*)

Coy. Oh it's a harmless
Bug. I never wear a gun. — What, Dana of
The Sun! know him? Well I should say, why I'm
The man who wrote his editorials: —
Oh, oh, not recently, not recent — in
His early days when they were vigorous
And full of good hard sense. — Say, by the way,
I picked some specimens up to-day that you'd
Be pleased to see. Don't talk 't about, but I
Have struck a bargain no one else is onto.
It only needs a little cash to work
The deal. — Ah there's as fine a lump of syl-
Vanite as ever powder blasted; and here's
Free gold; this yellow beauty too, and this
Right from the contact: — All these from one shaft, —
And the parties owning it are broke.
We will run out to-morrow an' look it over;
We'd best before we go though, some way cinch it.
The minute it gets out it will be nabbed. —
Ah, nature once was prodigal and packed
Her treasures here with lavish hand! No single
Claim such various specimens ever showed
Before, so beautiful in form, such dazzling
Col'r, so brilliant lust'r, so rich in worth; —

(*Enter Barrios to table, smiling with sinister ex-
pression at specimens and Carter.*)

Silver in its native state, in com-

Bination too; chloride, bromide, ruby
Silver, silver-glance and brittle silver,
Carbonates, sulphides, polybasite and an-
Timonial silver; gold, alluvial gold,
Free gold, gold quartz and sulphurets —

Carter.

Sulfires!— now huare's

To partin', as says my friend Bill Clack.

(Pouring glass to Coy, throwing glassful into
Barrios' face, and throwing over table.)

I 'll face

A gun, but run from that perpetual motion

Mouth. (Throws bottle at Hazelton.)

Get out 'n the rain, 'ts too wet in here

For kids. (Exit Coy. Hazelton and Carter going, the
Landlord fires gun at bell over door which springs
a sign into view across the doorway as follows.
"Gests plese setle bills fore leevin." Both
returning, Carter takes roll out of Hazleton's
hand.)

I 'll pay, my lord. How much, sir?

Landlord.

Forty.

Carter. Delmonico's at two!

Hazelton.

Sir Roland's place

And time. (Hazelton turns towards right, and Barrios and
he see and stare at one another. Enter from
the left Reneaud, who, as Carter begins to
speak, is stopped by Roland concealed by him;
enter also Eula concealed by Roland.)

Carter. Landlord, I 'm looking for my son:—

An addle-pated sort of fellow; long

Yet oval face, — a callow softness on

It all; and deep non-mobile eyes, but keen

Observant, yet non-observant manner; motley
Expression, idiotic half, the other
Half, his father — wise; hair heavy, brown
But for a golden tinge, and rather saunters
On than walks, as like his legs were also
Addled. — Should he straggle in just turn
Him over to my friend Sir William Clack.

(Crosses as to Hall and Hazelton.)

Barrios. Señor Carter and the poodle!

Eula. (Advancing to Barrios.) Oh, I
Must hear word of my mother!

Barrios. (To Carter.) Sir! — Señor!

(Aside to Carter, near Hazelton.)

I know your — son; can bring you where he is.
Await me — on the square; — meantime what word
To señorita of her mother?

Carter. The square?

Hazelton. Spaniard, bring me to my lady! Gad,
I'll give you gold! and tell 'er 'er mother's glad
She's gone: I think to get her off from my
All-burning suit, but more the two
Together all safe will guard each other,
While she, one missing lamb alone, must
Have bitter wept. Now bring me to her, haste!

Carter. Bah! get on, you pulp!

(To Barrios, who has drawn salette.)

In this ripe orchard

He's too green to peel.

(Exeunt Carter and Hazelton.)

Eula. (Apart.)

Oh, heavens! thanks I cut this lord's acquaintance!
If cramping hunger ever brings repentance
May I die exposed upon the desert,
For my heart would famish in his palace; —
Now free, my spirits I may feed, — and fatten
For the future.

Reneaud. (Advancing, also Roland.)

My jolly old host, now how is everything?

Landlord. Well well! Charles, gaming must been good you come
So late! — Ho wife, Reneaud's at hand: — but supper's
Hot: — as fine piece ven'son, sir, as ever
Old King Charles ate of, ha 'tis! and 'nough
For six! we thought the whole day out would give
You 'n appetite.

Reneaud.

Quite fortunate, we're three

To eat it.

Landlord. (Still arranging table.)

What game 'd you bag?

Reneaud.

Two graceful bucks.

This is my friend, — Sir William Gladstone, Junior.

Roland. (To Eula advancing, Barrios intrusively following, as he and
Reneaud are being seated.)

And who's your friend, my boy?

Eula. (Embarrassed.)

Oh — this — is a —

Mexan cousin — one — Gueverro.

Reneaud. (To Gueverro.)

Join us

Here.

Barrios. (At first advancing, then retires under Eula's rebuking eye.)

Ah thanks, señor; — I've dined. (Aside.) Now my

Relation is distant growing! — dined!

(Rubs lank stomach and retires to lunch-counter.)

Roland. (To Reneaud.)

Commending your great country as we came
Along, my friend, you did not say how early
Vegetables can be raised?

Landlord.

By six o' the morning,

Ready for breakfast.

Roland.

Well, 't 's a dam' slow country —

Or 't would get 'em up in time for supper!

(Steaming vegetables are brought.)

Landlord.

Well Gladly, what would you, an' you were primer
O' this country?

Roland.

I 'd shut up myself

Till you, the people, had learned the alphabet.

Landlord.

Hear, hear! an' what if you were president?

(Enter weddingers, followed by hoodlums.)

Roland.

If I were president! — Resign to 'scape
The pestilence, and come to Arizona.

(Shouts and laughter.)

But first I 'd hook up black Hawaii onto
Old Mount Shasta, wipe that Spain-spot off
Fair Cuba's face, and key her up to Uncle
Sam, —

Barrios. (Slamming counter, stamping and yelling.)

Hurrah for Blaine!

Crowd. (Yelling.)

Hurrah! hurrah! —

Roland.

To smash the proper hole clean through that tariff
Wall to let provisions in.

Landlord }
and Crowd. } (Simultaneously.)

Hear! hear!
Hurrah, Hurrah!

Roland. Then I'd take a trot down east and puff
Th' east wind called Wall Street up East River, then
I'd give to all a job of building merchant
Ships and war-guns for the seas, and forts
For all our coasts and border shores; of making
Roads, for easy tramps, — but then there'd be
No tramps, for all would have a job; — and some
Good stuff I'd stamp to pay 'em with, — and show
How government, just like a man, should make,
Instead of borrow money. —

Crowd. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Landlord. Hear, hear! My Charles, not Gladstone, only Coxey!

(Enter Shiefellin.)

Crowd. Hurrah for Shiefellin! Here's luck, a find! (Drink.)

Roland. Now what is Shiefellin, in nature's kind?

Landlord. Once tenderfoot, as you, now tough old rind.

Reneaud. A shepherd lost, stroll'n' from his flock of hind.

Shiefellin. Ah gints, my lasses, never was so rhymed
Old Shief'lin, since his birth old Kronos timed.
I'm a prospector, gold dust in my mind,
Though patches cover up my all, behind.

Eula. Prospector! Once I read of this odd kind.
"The Prospector!" Yes, now it comes to mind;—
The straw he calls a hat is rotten on his head;
The loose limp cloth, his coat, is oily on the collar;
His pantaloons are greasy down the knees;

His boots are red and dry beneath the weather
His eye rolls on the earth,
His soul a creeper is,
And moss grows on his back!

(To Reneaud.)

Good friend, you will persuade my friend I hope,
On your so kindly given invitation,
To taste awhile the sweet and restful recreation of your calm and cozy ranch, —
As you've described it to us. — (Aside.) And his sister!
Oh, to clasp again a kindred woman-
Heart, and rest in safe and tender home! —

(To Reneaud.)

These walls oppressive are, I'll gain the outer
Air; I'll wait your coming, — (Aside.) underneath
The stars, and with the balmy wind weep dew
Upon the sweetly blooming earth, — though 'ts blooms
Be not for me to pluck.

(Exit Eula.)

Roland. (To Shiefellin.)

A find? Good-natured fellow? Ah! good fortune
Comes to him, ill-fortune can not injure.

Shiefellin. Damn; I'll throw it after lilly-lip
That lopped me on the ear!

(Throws specimen out, rushing after, grabs plate
of beans, exit eating.)

Landlord.

Ho there, ho!

Roland. (Observing instrument closely, taking it up, then to Barrios.)

See here, my fellow of the bull brigade,
How came you by my Barrios' mandolin?

Barrios. Sir, it is my own.

Roland. Your own? Look here :
Now face this name, Ridel de Barrios,
And call it yours.

Barrios. The name? and instrument,
For sure my own.

Roland. Why knave, you were but now
Proclaimed that Greaser name Gueverro!

Barrios. True,
'Tis true. (*Aside.*) I most forgot my name is not
My own. (*Aloud.*) My cousin borrowed it to me
Awhile.

Roland. Your cousin's kind! and you'll return't
By me, eh?

Barrios. (*Aside.*) Oh that she would take my name
And make it rightful her's, surrendering
Her own!

Roland. (*To Reneaud.*)
Here friend; we'll need this on the ranch
To soften morning into sleepy hours with.
(*Throws him instrument, then to Barrios.*)
Your hand; — come.

Barrios. I would not refuse —

Roland. Then don't.

Barrios. For your protection to my cousin, shake!

Roland. Hold! I'll know if 'tis my sister's ring
E'en if to do so I unsocket all
Your arm! — To knave I now add thief and liar!

Barrios Sir, sir ! that's more than I'll withstand !

(Drawing dirk from boot.)

Roland.

The eye

Is weapon 'nough 'gainst Greaser threats ; the coward
Thief will bite the back alone.

Barrios. (Withdrawing threatening attitude. aside.) He is

Her brother ! — Curse soft love that makes the heart
A sponge ! Ah, vengeance now ! — I'll guide old Carter
And my lord to Reneaud's ranch ahead,
Learning first the way, to welcome them,
Where she, unrested, weak, and all — broke up
By this surprise, is offered choose the duke,
Will fly with me, — or not, I'll kill them all !

(Exit Barrios.)

Roland

Now I wonder if young Barrios
And this Gueverro are a band of con's ! —
Or did a father's harshness, or unheard of
Harder fate, compel her pawn the ring ?
Had this occurred before, I would have asked
The — governor — the news ; but he would told me
Nothing, he, close-mouthed as fisted he.
Oh, what ill and woe has fallen on my sister !

(Drops on chair, head on table. Re-enter Shiefellin, poking dish in ahead, remaining concealed.)

Shiefellin. Want yer dish ?

Landlord.

Come in and have a supper,
You've been starving long enough i' the hills.

Shiefellin. See here ! are you enticin' of me up
Agin the muzzle of that gun ?

Landlord.

You're not

Worth powder; I'll get my bow and arrows for you.

Shiefellin. If I'd had this in me, this bracer too,
That soft-tongue never'd cuffed and yanked me 'bout!
I'll meet that rose-face yit, and pluck his petal!

(Enter Clack Shiefellin scrambles over counter.)

Clack. Ha, ha, 's this Windy Point? Is this the place
Fur breedin' storms? A reg'lar gust went up
The gulch a-puffin' like the monster, cuttin'
Wind with meat-ax, cussin' every stride
Fur vengeance! Ha, an' I'd been huare he need n't
Spent his anger on the wind!—Wake up
The hollers now, we're huare fur fun! Every-
Body drink! (To *Reneaud.*)

Hello, old nester!

Reneaud. Good morning,
William.

Clack. Morning? Ha! and huare's a man
Asleep! (To *Roland.*) Wake up! Well whar in hell did you
Come from?

Roland. What I? Why from New York.

Clack. I jest
Don't know whar New York is; but from the salt
O' your eye, I jedge it's somewhar on
The 'lantic way back under these old hills,
Whar the sun gits down at four o'clock.

Roland. The sun don't set in New York, sir; it rises
There.

Clack. Be keerful thar, I shoot and cut!
You 're one these tenderfeet, footsore fur home.
I'll teach you how to honor natives huare,
Ur give you quick an' easy sailin' out.

Roland. I can make still many knots without
Your wind.

Clack. (To crowd,) Say, boys, thar 's bound to be a boggen
Huare. (To Roland,) Now, stranger, Clack 'll give fair
warnin'

O' who he is; — turn down that grin o' yours
Ur he won't have time. Look out! you 're bravin'
The bloodiest brave in all Arizona! I fout
The battle o' the Caves, I did! Ha, I'm the
Wild wolf o' the Huachucas! Be keerful!
I'm the terror o' the draggoons! it's chuck
To me to meet a hostile! Ha, I've killed
Hadalgoes, braves and Greasers in every gulch
In Cochise County! Easy eatin' is
A tenderfoot to me! — Take keer thar, sir!
I'm a half-breed I am, decent from old
Cochise! My blood's Apache an' biles to kill!

(Gives the Indian dance and yell,)

I've got to give these boys a buryin' soon,
An' you fling back old Clack another word
An' at their suremony you 'll turn up
As corpse!

Roland. You 've preached the funeral, fool, and I'm
Unhurt.

Clack. (To crowd,) Get out the way, time's up, and Clack

Is goin' to shoot!

(Jumps, cracks heels, swings around to crowd as he speaks, faces back as he reaches for gun; Roland, having risen, shoves table aside, and has gun on Clack as he turns.)

Roland.

Throw up your hands!

(Hands up, Roland looses belt, droppingsame but holding Clack's gun.)

Walk backwards

**Until your back is 'gainst the boards. — I'll try
My left hand on your gun, just on that gong
Above your head. (Fires, sign drops.)**

Landlord, send your collector

Over.

Landlord.

Last drinks are free in this hacienda.

Roland.

I'll try that gong for one more chestnut.

(Fires, sign disappears.)

Friend,

**I rather like this gun. Four more good charges; —
This old war souvenir has n't burned powder for thirty
Years. (Throws down his own gun.)**

Ah, genius is but power to bluff!

Landlord, have you anything you call cigars?

Landlord. (Setting out box.)

Best Mexan bran', sir.

Roland.

And the papers to wrap

The cigarette?

Landlord.

Hear, hear!

Roland.

Ah, thanks, a light

Please; — thanks. — Now have a smoke.

(Pokes lighted end of cigar in Clack's nose.)

Hands up or you 'll

Act corpse in a fun'ral for the boys.
Oh, a slight mistake! — but no offense
I hope. — Well, try another; — smoke. — There 'll be
No further trouble, gentlemen, resume
Your merriment; — when boys 'twas sport to cow
Such bullys on the Bow'ry. —

(Fires other four shots rapidly, hitting gong with each.)

This Clack, too,

Is emptied of its harm. Keep up your hands.

(Throws gun near belt, and takes Reneaud's rifle
from counter; then to Reneaud.)

Good sir, you 've been so kind on short acquaintance
I seem to 'ave known you long; I earnest take
Your banter to quiet watch your herds a month,
If doing so will give your trip so coveted
To York. — This ring shall be my pledge of honor
Till your return; — an' you will bear a message
To and from my sister there.

Reneaud. Courage is honor's pledge in Arizona.
I wear the ring for friendship's bond, and safely
Keeping of 't. When on the ranch your hand
Is in a week I 'll take the travel east
And do your pleasure. Come, the morning sun
Will blaze us home.

Roland. (To Clack.) Excuse us, friend, for leaving
You to smoke alone. Some rumination
Though, may soften down your brag and tone
Your courage up. Adieu!

(Exeunt Reneaud and Roland.)

Clack. Now ruin fall on
The cuss! — Now must old broke-heart Bill away

Pull his freight off to some strange and distant
Gulch; — for in this camp his name's no more
Sir William Clack! — Now ruin fall on the cuss!

(Crowd turns its back in contempt, after first expression; Clack advances tottering, falls to knee, resting arm and head on table and weeps; takes up gun and belt and drags tottering out.)

Shiefellin. Humph! that shows the difference 'tween courage
And a right hard cough! Why did n't I cure 't? —
Why I could done 't! Oh, think! that blow, that
mountain

Gust, — disgustin' 'tis to think, that puff-ball,
With substance none but suffocatin' smut, —
That air-pump, suctionless, no courage either
To suck on, — windmill, just by what he'd pump up,
Kept me six months skeered to draw my breath, —
Jest lest I'd breathe my last! It puts me
In such rage I'd like to handle both
Them cusses, — one right after t' other, — or both
Together! — Oh, I'm the reaching high giraffe!
Why I'm the yellor kid, that spread it on
The New York World, — the sun don't set on! —
The reason is, it sits! Oh, I'm a graduate
O' Harvard. — Practiced every sober hour
Punchin' of the bag. — Oh, I stood high
In class, and when our day fur partin' come,
Soft old Elliott 'rose and paid me special
Praise, as graceful handin' up my skin
He tuneful said, — "Oh, Shiefellin, so well
You've done, though brightest when you came,
you're now
Most brainless of the lot." —

Landlord. (Pouring drinks.)

To Shiefellin

Good cheer!

Crowd.

Good cheer to Shiefellin! good cheer!

Shiefellin. Now you-ns think I'm coward cause that posy
Nodding on me 'scaped dilapidation!
That fuz-touch-hand, that softly cunnin' eye,
That playful tongue that lapt its laugh, and purred
Its words like little Tom when stroked 's the moss
Grows down his back, — would quell the savage beast.
Now while my courage rages is there any
Cuss 'll face me? — (Junkins comes forward.)

Are you married?

Junkins.

I have

One wife.

Shiefellin.

Is she enough to do the work? —

If you were gone? Now who will marry this?

(Holds up specimen, but indicates himself.)

Girls. Aye, aye! Now who will marry this?

Shiefellin.

Who 'll take

The dross to git the gold?

Girls.

Aye, aye! we'll shake

The dust, we'll fan the gold. (Indicating dance.)

Shiefellin.

Then shake the dust

And see who 'll pan the gold.

(Sets specimen on counter as prize for the dance,
all dance, by twos, then all together Shiefellin
awards gold.)

A pledge of health for Junkins and his Sal! (All drink.)

The wedding dance! Hurrah for Shiefellin!

All. The song of revel! Play the devil song!

(Music, song and dance.)

We will dance until death overtakes us!
We will then go under the clod!
We will laugh while happiness shakes us!
We will then return unto God!

Ha! ha! swing up the center and side!
We will dance intense joy till it end!
With groom's arms around his won bride
To the earth all heaven will bend!

We will leap o'er the earth with high revel!
We will drink up all intense blisses!
God objecting we'll go to the devil
To reheat our fiery hot kisses!

Ha! ha! swing up the center and side!
We will dance intense joy till it end!
With groom's arms around his won bride
To the earth all heaven will bend!

Quaff a kiss! all around! and dance fleeter!
Swing in bliss too profound to express!
Love's emotion makes motion much sweeter!
Draw your brides to your bosoms, caress!

Ha! ha! swing up the center and side!
We will dance intense joy till it end!
With groom's arms around his won bride
To the earth all heaven will bend!

(CURTAIN.)

THIRD ACT.

FIRST SCENE.

Reneaud's Arizona plantation Veranda with vines. Flowered lawn stretches away into fields dotted with herds. Hills in the distance.

(Curtain rises on Rosalie, sister to Reneaud on veranda.)

Rosalie. Down from the eastern hills sweet-scented morning comes

And gathers as it comes the perfumes from the plains,
And gathers balm and fragrance as it westward roams,
And sips the dews, and on the petaled earth enchains
Its loveliness of colors woven from the light
And brought through moon-cast shadows of the
mountain brushes.

Oh morning, warning off the melancholy night
With the whistling of the worship-throated thrushes!

(Eula as Barrios, having entered under concealment of bushes, whistles thrush song.)

Oh that I were buoyant winged and songful souled
To sing glad greetings through the decorated bushes!—
Ah then,—I'll be a flower fair and sweet unfold
To kissing morn the fragrance of embosomed wishes.—

(Eula imitates humming-bird softly.)

Hark! the unwarbler hums its joy instead of sings.
Sir bobber, I will glimpse the glitter of your wings.

(Rosalie playfully warbling, searches bushes for humming-bird, while Eula, dodging from her view still imitates the bird, until shortly they run face to face.)

Oh sir! you startle me! — Where are the gentlemen?

Eula. At coffee, — songster.

Rosalie. Ah, curt sir, — why left you them?

Eula. Oh, just to play the humming-bird to your fair flower.

Rosalie. You should have tarried there at coffee's fragrant bower.

Eula. Not while, sweet vine, your suckle's yet unsipt of honey.

Rosalie. Oh, well: — I will go in, — for here 'tis rather "sonny."

Eula. Fair lady, stay and be the flower for my humming!

Rosalie. Sir unfeathered youth, your summer must be coming!

Eula. I would not live it elsewhere than in your garden.

Rosalie. Suppose you were debarred entrance by its warden?

Eula. For that your features finer are than carved marble,
Your voice more resonant far than songster's
summer warble,

Your form so touched in curves as heaven did
the plastic,

Also your movement never swerving lines elastic

As lazy roe which saunters ever on at ease,

Your affrontive warden down the wind I'd sneeze!

For that of all your charms, your charm o'er me
is psychic,

I'd Remus-like o'erleap your tiny wall with high kick!

Rosalie. I like your mirth: — ah, come, sit here; — who is —
the other

Gentleman that came this morning with my brother!

Eula. Ah! my song is charming, charming up another!
The gentleman who came this morning is—my brother

Rosalie. So like that now I see; you 're fair as he is handsome.
Your youth has yet to pay some years for man-
hood's ransom.

Eula. Oh yes, I'll grow! — I'm sorry I'm not more a man.

Rosalie. Oh I am not; I should not like, — to like you then;
But now your youth and fairness make you like a sister.

Eula. Were I, instead of brother to that other mister!

Rosalie. In fair good truth I — like you for your radiant eye,
The which reflects the splendors of a two-domed sky;
I like you for the feathery softness of your face,
Your fragrant breath, your feminine voice, your
supple grace,
Your feeling, gentle, though audacious manner;
and then,

In all, you seem above what mars the best of men. —
You are my guest. If I've been cold, without intention;
I dare, I'm sure, we may be friends without convention.

Eula. Sweet lady, thanks! O sister, thanks for this esteem!

(Rushing forward impulsively to embrace her)

Rosalie. Oh, no! no, curb yourself lest I shall scream!

Eula. Oh, I forgot myself! — or rather what I seem!

Rosalie. Are you false then, other than appearance shows?

Eula. 'Tis true that falsehood is the seeming of my clothes.

Rosalie. Oh, they are likely torn; you want some mending done?

Eula. You rankly innocent, less naive than pretty, one!

Rosalie. Well, come into the lawn and sing your pretty words.
Supposing I'm a flower, you among the birds, —
Would you sing to one lone drooper in your vagrance?

(Eula whistles the nightingale or oriole song.)

Your song could only win my dumb and blinded
fragrance.

Eula. Ah heaven, all the world of men's desired omen!
Dumb and blind! Oh, what a blessing in a woman!

Rosalie. Ah, then I'd have to keep on you my eyes agape?

Eula. It is unwise with man that any woman nap!

Rosalie. Chirp sir, you're touching close, be winging off
your distance.

Eula. The almond be, you're damask rose in your resistance.
Ah then, I'll chirp, and from my star-eyes twinkle
kisses,
And in my flighty course wing in these far-
fetched blisses.

Rosalie. Oh, snippish curt-lipped youth, though pretty-
talking mouth, —

Eula. Now heaven kill your posy bushes with a drouth!
I thought the mouth is nicest when it kisses.

Rosalie. Be it!
Then's when it feels the nicest; — no I can not see it.

Eula. Ah me, how struck with wide-eyed blindness!

Rosalie. Bird, to wing!

Eula. I'm weary of the song, I would be gardening.

Rosalie. Then I'll go on a lark, an' you will be the rose.

Eula. Quite well you'd play the man, and pretty look
in clothes.

Rosalie. For worlds, aught other than I am I would not seem! —
Now sleepy rose, relate your heavy-scented dream.

Eula. I'll not endure your lark, my lord of wayward song,—
Until the honeyed season's past, and days grow long.
Oh, then the lusty-throated thrush can while the morn
The dauntless lyric lark then trill high noon to scorn,
The lonesome oriole the weary evening round,
Then blackbirds chirp the lurching night across
the ground!—
Oh hark! the messenger of earth's aspiring wail
Ascends above the night to heaven,—the nightingale!

Rosalie. Your dream's with beauty, yet too much con-
sistence, fraught.

Eula. 'Tis not a dream, but love's full-flowering wake-
ful thought.
If I'm the rose encased and latent in the bud,
Fast fixed and folded tight to wait some coming good
In this prehensive sleep I'll dream, when it has ended,
And fate my being with some neighbor bloomer
blended,
Although we can not trudge the mud, thus stuck
on earth,
Like those who pull the pants and boast some
higher birth,
We'll send commingled fragrance through the
worlds of essence,
And wait enticement of their blessings with
complaisance;
Unseen will swoop a swarm of kisses winged
with love,
And love all feathered o'er with kisses from above
Descending to the garden blooming through caresses.

Oh! since, sweet lady, this is nature, I'll kiss
your tresses!

Rosalie. Sir buddy, your imagination grows prolific!
Why you should fortunes tell.

Eula. My heart is not pacific!

(*Aside.*) Oh if they come 'fore I'm discovered what's
to boot!

(*Aloud.*) Oh yes, I fortunes tell; I tell them by the foot.

Rosalie. Then I'll not pay, nor play; you put your bird to wing.

Eula. I'll be no more the rose. — Do you play anything?

(*Aside.*) When will this artless unsuspecting creature see!
The all I've dared, my heartless tongue now fears to say!

Rosalie. Oh yes, I play, — with birds a-flying thro' the lawn,
A-blowing open flowers only half are blown,
A-trapping bees within the glories, hum-ee-rumbles!
Then sucking honey, pinching off the heads of bumbles;
Again, I'll call and throw my pony under saddle,
And do the range a-gallop; safe, I ride a-straddle —

Eula. You shocking knave! here take my waistcoat and
my hose! —

Rosalie. Then tickle with my whip the vicious old ram's nose
To see him butt the air and blow and show his fight!
So, too, I tease tarantulas to see them bite,
And flaunt my sash at bulls: What all my cour-
age takes
Is seizing tails and yanking off the heads of snakes. —
Bah, girlish youth, bug yarns might chase weak
woman's valor!
This double rose shall symbolize your changing color.

Eula. (Aside.) Now by my honest sex this rose shall be
my mascot.

(Aloud.) Not on my coat-lapel but here within my
waistcoat.

Rosalie What! woman? Oh my whole heart's being is appalled!

Eula. Why little chicken-liver, how easy you're ungalled!

Rosalie. Oh, I'm faint; my heart is sick; I'll call my brother!
Thus traped about with men! I'm scant of
breath! I'll smother!

Eula. Oh judge not harshly sister-heart all fragile tender!
'Tis sister love that from this evil 's my defender.
How lagging's been the moon I've waited to ungender
This weary son of music and my secret render
To some sister bosom. Oh, I can not longer
Wait to greet you! lead me in that I may squander
On your ears my o'erfull tongue and wake your wonder
At how fate and prankish spirit tore asunder
Mine and mother's heart and to my brother's yonder
Knit in this disguise, enforced me hither wander
Hoping to redress, your willing cover under,
What I am, — as good as you, — altho' less winning.

Rosalie. Now all your sweetness comes to mind from our
beginning!

I know you must be good or nature must deceive us.
I warmly welcome you, bold youth, or nee mischievous.

Eula. Oh joy and you and franchise I embrace together!
Oh hasten, sister, in and I'll reblow what weather
Harbored us and test by veiny prophecies
If by the foot our mingled fortune bootless is.

(Exeunt. Enter Roland.)

Roland Well that kid brought along his Bow'ry pace!
Oh, he was ill and could not breakfast! ah!
Well I had some heart-flutters when her silk
Skirt rustled; when her sleeve once brushed my
shoulder

It threw me into nervousness some like
The palsy: But it did not sour my coffee:
And I'm recovered now. At least I'm one
Square meal ahead in this fair race of that
Fair rascal. In one meal, however, the
Apollo-paced has gained a moon in love!
How laggard is my fortune then if measured
By his foot! — I'll consolation draw
From the lonesome weed. — That Frenchman is
All right. — But when I'm full in sway I'll pack
That music-box to some most distant corner
On the range to tune with blatant herds.
Ah ha! perhaps fair Rosalie wears diamonds!
The slickest games are played by smoothest grace.
Appearance often is assumed. We dare
Not judge by dress what dress conceals. If I'm
Deceived by his address then nature is
The friend o' thieves; and if my boy's a fraud
His confidant Gueverro will appear
To shy away the booty. By my foot
His fortune will not be bootless here.

Enter Mexican youth and woman.)

Señora. Estrangero!

Roland.

Well, who are you?

Youth.

Gueverro.

Roland. What!

Youth. Arturo Gueverro. — Madre.

Señora. Sangre Azul!

Youth. Senor Reneaud says
How that you 're range-boss, —

Señora. Valiente caballero!

Youth. I come for you to say me what I 'll do.
We must be up to snuff! —

Señora. Muy picaro!

Youth. The robbers are on a rampage, —

Señora. Ladrones!

Youth. Last night they done South Pass, the night before
Pulled Fairbank, had Benson scooped 'fore that,
Held Brannack's up for dinner yesterday,
Then rode Rigg's best saddlers off with heads
This way!

Señora. Que infamia!

Youth. Peloncillo,
Pinal-eno and Chi-Ri-Cahua, all move
With red-skins on the dance!

Señora. Los Barbaros!

Youth. They 'll steal half the herds in Sulphur Valley,
And likely scalp the women and drag away
The children.

Señora. Valgame Deos!

Roland. Oh, the devil!

Youth. The wolves are hungry-bold and gnawed the straps
Last night from saddles we used for goose-lairs
While our heads were sleeping on them!

Señora. Adios buen mozo!

Roland. The Moses of liars!

Youth. But they're no harm much; they fall only on
Trail doughgies and the gaunt, but mav'ricking
Is awful often just afore the round-up
Which now 's the time for, and the lumpy jaw —

Roland. Say, Mexico! you do to-day the same
As yesterday; what you do to-day
Repeat to-morrow, and the next day do
It over; Friday, Thursday's work repeat;
On Saturday then redo the work of Friday;
What you did last week do this, and this
Week's work do next, and that the next; so on;
Just imitate your country. — Say, but don't
Approach the cattle.

Señora. Ganado mayor!

Youth. A puncher not go 'mongst the herds?

Roland. That limpy jaw may be contagious.

Youth. I get the lumpy jaw?

Roland. The cattle might contract it.

Youth. Catch the lumpy jaw of cows!

(Exit, laughing idiotically.)

Señora. Es Medio tonto!

Roland. Yes, his good nature borders idiocy.

Señora. Simple of head but true of heart ; Hijo ! —
Now would you believe, brave caballero,
On Rancho Rabbit's Foot a señorita
Is who is still much more fatter yet
Than I am.

Roland. Many as fat, señora, few so fair.

Señora. Ah, señor, you are laughing at me ; ya lo se bien
que soy vaca, pero hay otra, mas gorda que yo ; —
I know well that I'm a cow, but thank God
there is one other in the world fatter than I am.

Roland. But, señora, none so graceful.

Señora. Que dice ? I am not so fat but I can dance !

Roland. The national fandango ?

Señora. El yique. (Dances.)

Roland. Oh, no ! no, que 'Diabolo ! I saw that in Georgia !

Señora. Jarabe (Dances.)

(Enter Eula as Barrios, and Rosalie.)

El Cantador. (Singing.)

Sabe que es pulque ?

Licor divino-o !

Enel Cielo Los Angeles

Lo beben por vino !

Roland. Ah, Barrios ! translate, and thrum the air.

Eula. Ah — sir — I — do not care —

Rosalie. (Taking instrument.) Oh sir, allow me.

(Singing.) Know ye what pulque is ?

Liquor divine !

Angels in heaven

Prefer it to wine.

Señora. Señorita y caballero !
Soy Mejicana
De este pais. —
Yo un soldado
Soy infeliz.
(Exit Senora, dancing.)

Rosalie. A Mexican girl
Of this country am I. —
And I a poor soldier.
Woe is me !

Roland. Well — why, ah — what ! oh yes, ah beautiful !

Rosalie. Not beautiful to be in woe, sir ?

Roland. Oh no ! The situation.

Eula. (Aside.) What has tied
My Rolly's tongue that ne'er was tied before !

Roland. (Aside.) Oh, why I did not say, the lady's beauty
Is the soldier's woe !

Rosalie. (Apart to Eula.) Speech from your brother
Comes awkward out, not glib, like yours ; despite
His handsome grace his tongue throws favor back
To you.

Roland. (Aside.) Ah, this I 'll stop, or not, I 'll die !
(Aloud.) Miss Reneaud ; your pardon ; ah, what beauty
Finds such beauty in this situation
To veil its fair face in wild solitude !

Rosalie. Oh sir, — or rather Mr. Roland — Carter,
Sudden tribute rather chokes — or rather

Sudden praise most — all unmerited —
Is surprising to me.

(Turns to Eula.)

Eula. Your halting speech throws favor on your brother!

Roland. I ask, — Miss Reneaud, — Miss Reneaud; your pardon;
What in this rugged, ruffian's region feasts
Those epicurean eyes upon?

Rosalie I hope
My soul is not carnivorous!

Roland. Were 't, your fathomless
Eyes would all mankind devour!

Rosalie. (Turning to Eula.) I'd be
More delicate, dining only on their giblets!

Señora. (Just having re-entered.)
Devour! Ah señor, chile con
Carne: raw beef minced, four onions,
Can tomatoes, ten garlicks, seven pods red pepper; —
Devour! Es un primor!

Reneaud. (Just having entered.)
Ah señora, step into the sala! Dine with us!

Señora. Mil gracias, caballero — (Aside.) ¿qué sin
Vergüenza. (Exit Señora.)

Roland My friend, is that your cook?

Reneaud. This hand directs
Our household.

Rosalie. Though we serve jerked antelope
And faisan — with the feathers off, we are
Not cannibal! and much we serve

That's meet, which is not meat, such as potatoes,
Mealy, grown on yonder river's loam,
And meal from maize for pone, with which we serve
Fresh cream and wild-plum jam and berry jellies;
For those who like, when we are lucky in
The hunt, we spread a maize-bird pie. We trust
That this enough attraction is to tent
You with us 'while, how be't our Southern
Friend may crave his cousin garlic.

Eula. I kiss the hand of such delicious viands,
But chide the tongue would wake the appetite
Forgotten under greater charm your frank
Free welcome feeds the heart.

Roland. *Aside.* Well, hear the brazen
Glib-tongued kid!

Eula. The charm that's pers'nal though,
Though doubly bond enough, redoubled is
By this sweet calm that plays on us:—I see
That I must speak for both:—

Roland. Oh yes! *Aside.* I'll change
These times or hang myself to some goose-brier!

Eula. To us, impaneled in the city, rural
Scenes are balm to our sick hearts;—
At first we bask as ether-drugged, and feel
That we can swim away our life in floating
Visions; swifter winds wake action up
And inner undulations 'gin to heave
Against the bosom; fire sits latent on
The eyes, which traverse now the undulating
Plain,—for thus our sense gives back to nature

Movements nature wakens in us, — flashes
Streak the gorgeous clouds, the eye-fire sweeps
The hurried mountains round; then om'nous storm
Tumults the inner sea and surges tidal
Energy against — our ribs, until
We feel that we can do the things we can't;
While cyclone's lurid ball enfears us things
Are like to happen us we'd rather were n't! —
Why the other night while wandering lost,
Though frightened by the howl of beasts, the thunder,
Rolling down the mountain-side, awed nature
Dumb, but roused a soul in me which said
That I just as Jeanne d' Arc, — if I were woman, —
Could pull the heavens open, — or not, then be
A hero like none has ever been, to flaunt
And master nature with the soul! but ah!
The storm subsides and leaves despair, some great
But wasted unserved purpose ebbing in us! —
Our Rosalie though shall be our maiden queen
Ari and peaceful rule this valley Zon.

Roland. Say, friend, that rake will bear some watching!

Reneaud. My eye is constant on him under charm.

Roland. He may a dangerous charm throw over ladies!

Reneaud. Tush! he's but an urchin, features fair,
Almost as fine as Rosalie's are. My sister
Shields herself; the fair who don't can scan
Protection have.

(Turns away to Eula and Rosalie.)

Roland. (Aside.) That's right! the faith that parted me from Eula!

Eula. (To Reneaud, who has thrown his arms around her and Rosalie.)

Oh sir! Oh my! my shoulder's lame, — long carrying
The zither.

Reneaud.

Ah a week of sport will toughen
Up your sinews. — Something now's afoot!

(Enter Mexan youth, out of breath.)

Well, what?

Youth.

Boss Reneaud, all the valley was
Yester' rounded up to end a month's
Hard riding, and the huge uneasy herd
Was bellowing held last night on Pigeon Creek;
And just afore daybreak, when all were making
Ready for the cut, a wolf loped up
On t' other bank; the herd quick catching sniff,
Stampeded off; the wranglers could not check,
And in their circuit all our herds were swept
Along! The riders say they'll press them 'gainst
The bluffs more 'n twenty miles up stream!

Reneaud. Warn the boys! get everybody out!

(Exit Youth, yelling.)

We'll join the camp! Come all, for spurs and guns!

(Exit Reneaud.)

Rosalie. Now Barrios shall have a charger to his taste! —

And, Roland, if you will, ride in our troop.

(Exeunt Eula and Rosalie.)

Roland. In soft caressing speech he flays me out.

Once in the woods I'll find a chance, in some
Secluded spot cliff-shadowed to the mood
Of love, to banish stammering speech and take

Her heart by storm. For this her troop I'll join!

(Exit Roland. Enter Barrios and Hazelton
with Carter still further in background. Re-enter
Eula and Rosalie, running.)

Rosalie. **Remember you must ride a-straddle.**

Eula. **Oh, shocking! rather say, cross saddle!**

(Exeunt Eula and Rosalie. Enter Roland and
Reneaud.)

Reneaud. **Now, friend, brace up! a buoyant week upon the range!**

Roland. **Away! (Aside.) I play for hearts upon this stock
exchange.**

(Exeunt Reneaud and Roland.)

Barrios, Carter and Hazelton advance. Then
rushes across stage a crowd of cowboys yelling
and swinging lariats; one lariats Hazelton, one
dragging Senora to a lariat. All crowd and jam
and jostle Carter and Barrios. Barrios falls out
of crowd at rear as it passes on, with sword
swinging wildly, cuts lariat which is on Hazelton,
and continues slashing with blind impetuosity
at trees or posts until he falls over bushes.
Hazelton still gallops and yells, with end of
lariat on his neck. Carter, with clothes dis-
heveled, gazes in dumb amazement after crowd.)

(CURTAIN.)

(ENCORE.)

Barrios. **Leading the rabble, yonder brazen wench
Astride the motley mare, sir, is your daughter!**

Hazelton. **Oh, horrors! horrors!—**

Carter. **Brazen wench my daughter!
Sword-swinging nincompoop, I'll club your skull!**

(Exeunt all, Carter chasing Barrios with club.)

(CURTAIN.)

SECOND SCENE.

(Curtain rises on group of cowboys in careless ease, having just finished supper.)

Wagon-boss.

You're always on the brag, and could n't bust
A bronco!

Cowboys.

Shiefellin. Good evenin', gints! — to be-a-ware of men
Of soft, apologetic voice — jest like
My own. (*Surveys spread.*)

Cowboys.

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Shiefellin. (Seating at board.)

They've records gin'rally,

But pedaled blow-bag, throated bellows, you
Can ride as Balaam did.

Yankee Wo! hoa! — Cuss sich a country, I say.

Wall, strangers, gosh darned ugly camp I swow;
And what my oxen 'll do here I don't know,
Fur they've not eat since pullin' way from Stink Creek,
And are darned nigh gev out, and that's a fact.
Thar's nothin' here fur 'em to eat, that's sure:
Wall, they must jest hold on till mornin', thar is
No two ways 'bout that, —

Vagon-boss. Shut off your clack awhile, and feed your beasts!

Yankee. One thing sartin, this is dis'pintment camp.

Cuss sich a darned country, I say: look
At them thar oxen, wull ye! thar is no go
In 'em and mornin' sees 'em faced right back
Towards old Caw. Cuss sich a darned country;
Missouri's fur 'nough west fur me. Old 'ooman,
When your Yank gets hum he'll never leave
Again for squatter sovereignty on this
Whole darn country, an' ye can put that down.

Shiefellin. Beantonian, an aside! This climate's wholesome

Kept, — I've studied hygiene at Crambridge, —
Not by what we feed on but by what's
Put in us, that depends on what's put out us;
Soft politeness is our mark of health.
Your heated speech has melted lead enough
To make dyspepsia fatal!

Yankee. (Extending his hand, crushing hand of Shiefellin.)

Cuss sich a darned country, I say!

(Shiefellin kicks him and runs out.)

Wall, strangers, I'll throw in with you; a darned
Ugly camp I swow! I guess you'll have
A skillet 'mong ye: 'f yer a mind to trade
I'll have it right off. Wull, anyhow, I'll borry
It to-night to bake my bread and beans, —

(Takes up skillet.)

Wagon-boss. (Firing against skillet.)

I'm the boss of this, mess-kit: no rider
Feeds his belly huare until his beasts
Are fed!

Yankee.

Wall, I guess if you'll some of you lend
A hand I'll fix 'em right off, I swow I will!
Tho' darn 'em! They hev gev me darned lot
O' trouble, they hev, darn 'em, — but the critters
Will hev to eat I b'lieve. I swow they will.

(Starts out.)

Wagon-boss. Say, Yank! when you've fed 'em, yonder on
The cliff go sit and hear the owl to hoot
And hearken to the whip-poor-will awhile,
And watch the moon glint down the mountain-side;
Come back with 'nother temper than you've bellied
Off on us or else your sovereignty
Will squatter just six feet o' ground.

Yankee. Wall, gosh darned, I b'lieve I'll do 't, I swow,
I b'lieve I will.

(Exit Yankee.)

Wagon-boss. I'll pluck old Plymouth Rock rooster's spurs or he'll
Quit croakin' huare on God's own country: —

Carter. (Just entering.) Who can run the circuit of the plains
All spotted up with grazing fat and meaty

Herds and swell his blood-filled veins with nature's life

And the zest of action, glint the western
Vermil sea, althrough the crystal drippings
Of his sweating brow, glide under verdure's
Shelter as earth swings under night and forest
Life howls up the stars, and not throw nature's
Throb of worship up to God: Say, fellows,
This rooster's been cooped up wing-cropt in town
So long he had forgot the day had beauty
In 't to crow for.

Cowboy.

Welcome, welcome, friend!

Wagon-boss.

Lusty, hardy, hearty health is ours
Who ride the range by day, wake the welkin
With an evening song, and blanket up
The night.

(Carter advances, leading Hazelton by suspenders
about his neck, enter Barrios, similarly leading
Snodell in.)

Carter.

Spain and I concluded, if there were
A show demanded here, we 'd have a monkey
For it.

Cowboy.

Loose the burro now; he'll never
Leave 'is chuck.

Shiefelm.

Who'd a thought that Spain would have mistaken
Me for Uncle Sam. 'D you bring your arsenal
Over in your pocket? I'll give him now
The Idoma de amour!

(Places point of dirk over Barrios' heart and
presses it lightly.)

Give your Uncle Calf more mast rope, Spain!
Keep up your hands until I rifle you
Of Cuba.

Barrios I'm a Cuban!

Shiefellin. (Lowering dirk and extending hand.) How goes, friend?
Oh that Uncle Kinny knew as well
Just when and how to end a fuss! The Maine
Would been a-floatin' yit.
(All start to spread.)

Wagon-boss. Hold, hold! a dance, then chuck!
(The four dance mildly Enter Yankee singing.)

Yankee. How happy am I
From care I'm free!
Oh, why are not all
Contented like me?

Wagon-boss. First dance, the concert after; into line
And shake your bones.

Yankee. Wall, I'll be gosh-darned! I'd do that
If I knowed how to dance, I b'lieve —

Wagon-boss. Pick up your hoofs; I'll pat for you!
(Fire; several shots at Yankee's feet while he
works himself into line and step, while all dance;
Shiefellin continues dancing after others cease.)

Cowboy. Hold up! are you drunk or crazy

Shiefellin. 'T would
Be jolly fun to you-ns to git me crazy
Drunk, eh?

Yankee. Cuss this darned country, I say!
Always bawlin' fur drink! Its sands are even
Thirsty.

Cowboys. (Pulling guns.) How, sir, how?

Yankee. They 've drunk your cussed
Rivers dry. (General merriment.)

Them critters yonder 've lanked
Fur drink as now this stomach lanks fur grub,
That has a famine felt, and then a drouth,
And here comes onto flood and feast, and cusst
If Yank, now havin' listened to yer owl
And to yer hoot, an' shuk his foot and cracked
A joke, won't fill his paunch! just put that down!

(Uncovers a long knife, and sits, under general
approval.)

Shuefelin. That the world is rotten is a rotten
Fact needless to expatiate upon
A la Brann, — You ass, jackass, morass,
Assault, asafetida, asphalt,
Aspinwall, ascend, assets, molasses!

(Sits, under general merriment. Hazelton advances as if to sit.)

Cowboy. Hold, hold; the joke.

Hazelton. To conserve a healthful interest
In life, man must attend unto three points:
The culinary art, which appertains
To what he eats; the art emotional —
That is, what he loves, — and the productive
Art, which looks to what he doth create, —

(Enter Roland and Reneaud in background, under
concealment in hunting outfit.)

Cowboy. Your father sadly lacked the last.

Roland. (Aside.)

Not Rosalie's!

Carter. In the generation which begat
The dude it is the art was lost. — *(Aside)* Ugh!
I felt such spinal chills as when my son
Is near.

Wagon-boss. *(To Carter.)* Your joke is worth a dinner; fall to!

Carter. I'll give 't my lord, 'twas his expense; *(Aside)* as 't seems,
And eat on one will touch less keenly home.

Hazelton. Thanks, sir, awful thanks, but an idea —

Wagon-boss. Sit down and plug your mouth.

Hazelton. *(Sitting.)* Oh horrors! thanks!

Carter Once a woe unseen lay on my soul,
Made all the world seem like a priestly cowl
And shadows settled like grim doom
On all my future path a sombre gloom!
Oh heav'n, of life, of health, the giver,
I now know well it was my liver!

Roland. *(To Reneaud)* Oh what a tonic is this nature
My father's soul is gaining stature!

(Exeunt Roland and Reneaud; Carter, under general merriment, sits; enter in background, in hunting costume, Eula and Rosalie.)

Barrios. Fellows, you'll instead of jest allow
Me say the trail we follow; Señor Carter
Here is looking for his daughter. Fair
As morning is her feature; black as double
Night her eyes — dilating pupils burnish up
To blue sometimes, and in good nature twinkle
Radiance forth that wakes the deadest best
Impulses of the soul, but when chagrined

Their nether color flashes fire out
Would singe a tommy-cat ; her amber hair
From alabaster brow flows off like liquid
Waves, but now 's tanked in much such chapeau ;
Her Grecian legs —

(Carter reaches Yankee's knife.)

The which when looking in
Her face one thinks not of, and else of form
Concealment carries is lithesome borne in garments
Much like my own. In this disguise this night
This lady trips this region through!

Cowboy. (Imitating Hazelton.) A goodly heifer, gad!

Eula. Such gallant mark some sweeter worth deserves
Than brilliants.

(Throws kisses toward Barrios. Exeunt Eula
and Rosalie.)

Shiefellin. And now 's old Shiefellin's time to hang!

(Hangs himself with Carter's suspenders.)

Wagon-boss. Why that 's the down-face burned the wind before 's
This morning!

Cowboy. And with our fleet Rosalie vied
Which should cross the plain with swiftest speed!

Wagon-boss. Why, sir, not more than half ago this he
Dressed she went up the trail with Rosalie,
Who would n't let a moonbeam 'scape her in
The hills. There went along her brother Reneaud
Also that carrot-haired friend new come this morning!

Cowboy. Why the feminine fellow gave out it was
His or her brother; he 's our new range-boss.

Wagon-boss If she's your daughter you must be his father!
Doubly welcome! His account must house
You here to-night.

Carter. (Aside.) That boy already has
Established an account! the Arizona
Bank I'll wager is a sand-hill. Well,
He never told me not to house with him!
He must have struck a stock exchange out here.
House me here to-night! Well there's a limit,
I'll not kick off the roof.

Wagon-boss The moon is well-
Nigh sunk: To trace that mountain buck and doe
Under heaven's brightest lamp were risking
Much. They headed for the upper range
To kill an antelope and broil a callop,
As they said, for breakfast; sure's daybreak
Shall streak the woods again you'll that direction
Have will fetch you to their chuck.

Yankee. (Singing while arranging his blanket and bunk.)
How happy am I
From care I'm free!
Oh, why are not all
Contented like me? (Sleeps.)

Shiefellin. (Arising in background.)
I've eaten moose nose in Maine,
Chicken back in Louisian',
Squirrel head with 'Hio's boys,
Frog's legs in boggy Illinois,
Beaver tail a la Klondike,

Crabs in 'Frisco as you like,
 Ox-tail soup with Kansas maize
 World over a la cannibalaise!
 She wanders where the titmouse tits,
 Where the whip-poor-will poor whips,
 Where hawks still hawk and buzzards booz,
 And men booze, too, and cuckoo coos,
 And woman, too, hooche coos,
 Where peccary pecs, blue heron blues,
 Where sand-crane sands, and swallowtail swallows! —
 Disguised she who trails these hollows
 Will by some catamount night-lootin'
 Be made meat of sure as shootin' !

(Goes to bunk.)

Cowboys. (Singing.) Will be made meat of sure as shootin' !

(Moon sinks, fire dies, shadows deepen, general blanketing up for the night.)

All (Singing.) While bunking in the wilderness
 We'd better set a watch, unless
 We do we'll by some brazen buck,
 Emerging from his wickiup,
 And creeping through the night, night-lootin'
 Be made meat of sure as shootin' !
 Be made meat of sure as shootin' !
 Should he under shadow's cover
 Any brute or beast discover
 Prowling closely here about
 He'll instant shoot and loudly shout,
 "Awake ! arouse ! for here's freebootin' ! "

Or be made meat of sure as shootin' !
Or be made meat of sure as shootin' !

(All sleep.)

(CURTAIN.)

(ENCORE.)

Little can we ken what nymphs bestir the forest,
What softness animates exterior abhorrest;
Our balm-kissed dreams that nothing less than
angels render,
Prove to us the wildest forests' guards are tender :
Little can we ken the hearts of one another
Sweetly dream of sweetheart, sister, wife or mother.

(CURTAIN.)

THIRD ACT.

THIRD SCENE.

A mountain forest.

(Enter Roland, Eula and Reneaud.)

Roland. Under lazy shades now lie we here ;
Leave to long-wind hounds the starting deer.
Resting, thinking, feeling, sleeping, dreaming,
More in pleasure's keeping is than leaning
'Gainst and scrambling through these brushy slants ;
This is dogged sporting, pumping pants.

Eula. Oh swift-foot me with fleetest fairy wind,
Chasing after fleet-foot flying hind ;
This is life's first freest breathing in me,
Passing doleful up to twenty-three.

Reneaud. Friends, these tastes diverse fulfill the chase ;
Under yonder hill a hundred pace
Wends the trail ; here watch ; with certain aim
What e'r we wildly start is yours to tame. (*Aside.*)
I'll try to keep abreast of our high-pulsed musician,
Who somehow, soft'ns my native roughness to
contrition.

Eula. (*Singing.*) I'm a strolling free fellow
Wandering over life's hollow
Calling through hollow, hello !
Waking joys from their wallow.

Eula and Reneaud. (Singing.)

Fleetly flies and I follow
Through red nature and yellow
Swift as wing of the swallow
Rogue-eyed — tra la la — trello!

(*Exeunt Eula and Reneaud.*)

Roland. Now by her grace my heart too soft-conditioned is

To tame a living thing by death; I've read
A poet called his lady's eyes gazelle,
And by my life I've seen a kid whose soft
Caressing trustful rolling longing look
Awoke a kissing answer in me, as if
To say: "Oh to your faith my heart responsive
Is with fondling love; come rest your head
Against my breast and let us talk together." —

Old fuzee, I'll empty your discordant
Bawl into the vacant air; yet what
May hover viewless here! — Then in the ground;
Which covers life as thick as molecules
In mud: — Oh for the lurid hateful glance
Of centipede, with eyes green-set in hell! —

It shows my favor with my friend that he
Should arm me with this heirloom; though what
sickens

Me here to have, and I will have or turn
This charge to this, is just that family's latest. —

Old Huxley said, or should have said, the whirl
Of life within a tree would music-lave
A hearing world. — A wormer! — So! — I'll draw
Your teeth. — 'Twas loaded for a herd of deer,

Or to somersault who held the rear.—

Arouse the forest with your harmless bark!

(Fires gun, with rod, from behind a tree)

Echoes come some hundred ways! Oh hark!
Nature plays upon the heart in tender mood,
Striking chords that cramp the soul; and drives
my reason

Frantic o'er the verge of wild exhilaration! —
Draw thy bow across the strings of life,
Reverberations touching through the mind,
Turmoiling things of soul with love's whirlwind,
Till nothing slumbers on the thuddy earth!

Rosalie I heard! what 'prived your shot of 'ts right of birth?

Roland. (Aside.) My game! now fail my heart to fire such
volley 'll tame her,

My tongue forever after 'll be my own defamer! —

Miss Reneaud, I know not whence these moods,
But my soul is full of feeling,
Which would, alone, under nature and this
woods,

O'ersurge my heart and pour head-reeling
Poesy on this laving wind's sweet weather
To cope, or their wonder songs commingle,
The weather waves and swaying winds together
Bearing swimming rhythm and rhymes limp jingle:
But you are here, and from those liquid eyes
I see double waves of beauty flow,
Which double all the beauty of the skies
And sweep this poesy in their undertow,
Engulfing all this milder beauty from above,

Their deep whirl of dizzy azure ocean
Underpulling all my soul in a wilder flood of love:
I seize your heart, your waist, to buoy me o'er
emotion!

(Seizes Rosalie's hands, kissing them, then clasps
her in his arms, kissing her rapturously, with
impetuous poise. Rosalie faints. Enter Reneaud
and Eula.)

Reneaud. Sir! what now may be believed since courage
Falsely hides false heart and cordial friendship's
Bitten in the back! No word till I
Have said. Our ranger's custom here would've
had

You dropped e're now: I'd scorn to slay a dog
Without a chance o' life; reload your gun
Whose discharge brought me timely back.

Roland. Had I hand-fired the thing, your dogged trick
That I'd self-slay myself would now have been.

Reneaud. Your slur's a double wrong. Choose one of these!

Eula. Ah, gentlemen! desist. Imagined provocation
Should n't displace the savor 'f gentle speech
Belongs frontier, as also city, gentlemen!
Good sir—

Reneaud. Aside you! gentlemen don't bandy words!

Eula. Roland, good friend, oh think of soft sweet music
I've discoursed to you and be as calm.

Roland. Attention to your sister; if she recovering
Passes censure, calls me base of purpose,
I'll bear my bosom to your gun.

Reneaud. Subterfuge and bluff! To what will cowards
Resort when facing danger real.

Eula. Oh sir, good sir, for your sister, self and —

Reneaud. Hush! gibbering soft-heart, fearing fight
Heel yourself around the point from sight!
Away! — Sir, take a gun.

Roland. Thanks, sir, I
Decline.

Reneaud. Oh, wretched city-heated libertine!

Roland. I endure the folly of your words
For when your sister speaks you 'll take them freely
Back.

Reneaud. Oh what exasperation! soon you 'll force
Me kill you like a snake! Oh here, why think,
There is no rider on all the valley ranches
But's touched enough by purity here of nature,
To guard through dungeons of the lonesome wood
The honor of my sister's free and fearless
Innocence; but nothing in nature sacred
Is to sexual vagabonds.

Roland. Nor any
Limit on the tongue of fools.

Eula. Oh patience!
Pity! patience!

Reneaud. Pitiab! — Choose!

Eula. (To Roland.)
Oh think, think of your sister, and her brother!

Roland. Sir, you who so lately called me friend,
Have patience, courage to await your sister's
Voice. We were in favor linked as soon
As met; our friendship speaking thus that we're

The magnet-poles of heart was prophecy
To this swift jump of love; am honest—

Reneaud.

Curses

On this mockery! You'll fight or cower.

(Strikes at Roland, blow falls on Eula's arm.)

Roland. Had 't fall'n on me 'twere 'nough, — somewhat
too much, —

As 't bruised the tender flesh of my companion,
Faithful in this desert of my sister's
Absence, sweet consoler of my heart
By song: — Now, sir; you falsely wear my friend-
ship's
Pledge; I'll after pluck it from your finger
To grace a faithful hand.

Reneaud tosses diamond to Roland, who places
it on Eula's hand.)

It fits as if

'Twere yours, or you were Eula; how like my sister's
Hand!

Eula. (Half-fainting, in almost inaudible voice.)

My brother! Roland!

Roland.

What, my sister!

Eula, fair brave Eula!

Reneaud.

What, his sister?

My sister; — Eula! — Rosalie, awake!

Rosalie. Sir, 'tis not your speech o'erwhelms, but love!
It must be love, — so sudden, soft caressing
As this forest music, — and your tongue;
Oh, — my brother! Roland, — René, — Oh!

Keneand. Sir, more pardons than would the forest wind
Endure my breath to speak. My pride, and jealous
Temper of my sister's freedom pleads
Excuse, which scarcely have I face to ask;
But as a tender towards repair here pluck
You from my hand, though still it must be
Rooted in my heart, this fairest flower
Of Arizona's clime.

Roland. 'Twere 'nough, were your
Soft speech the magic touch to turn this blue
Mark back to pearl.

Keneand. That blue reflects a bitter
Blackness in my heart, a wound self-pitying
Tears must wash away. —

(Enter Barrios, Hazelton and Carter, in background.)

It must be said!
The fascination of this presence, when
A lad not understood, now knowing 'tis
A lass I know is love; and if I may, —
I may? I'll kiss it up to red, till nature
Come!

Eula. My brother does n't understand —

Roland. Don't 'e!

Eula. This is but the semblance of
A wound; the wound is in my nether heart.

Keneand. The best conductor thence is through the lips.

Barrios. (Apart.) And now I'll sail; and soon myself dictator
Absolute declare of Guatemala!

(Exit Barrios.)

Carter. (To Hazelton)

Did 'e say he 'd swear and eat a hot tamale?

(Enter in background, Shiefellin and Pike Parson.)

Roland. She to you and I to her, together!

We'll turn the darkest clouds to fairest weather.

Eula. And do we all belong to one another?

All. A double sister and a double brother!

Hazelton. Gad! I will adopt that tariff rule

And hunt some market near at home good breeding,
Exterior how handsome, never can

I barter in the States, where lovers play
At give away. Adieu! ha, gad! ha, gad!

(Exit Hazelton)

Shiefellin. That awful oath! he swore he 'd Europe sink,

Or a royal heiress wed to put

On airs, upon the earth!

Eula. Oh — well! what — now — my father!

Carter.

Yes, my daughter! —

My daughter! — son! — and son! — so grow your hearts
Together; — whilst I hasten to apprise
Your mother how, instead of daughter's loss
And son's, she has a son and daughter gained;
An' with her hither haste, to charm her winter
Into spring, as the songster of the woods
His brooding-mate a-whilst their nestlings feather!

Reneaud. This whilst your journey lasts, the whilst our hearts

Upon the honeymoon will feast, our eyes
Shall sweep by tour this rugged Arizona,

And homeward to our sunny rancho come
By time to welcome you with feast and song.

Carter. Adieu! must lose no time for my returning!

(Exit Carter)

Rosalie. Nor either we for our moon-honey's journeying!

Shiefellin. Nay tarry, now a little, little Frenchman;
I'm through the woods to-day Pike Parson's
henchman;

Your journey after be, as I construe it,
The Parson's word, and I'll be witness to it.

Reneaud. He tarried at Communion through the night.

Parson. It is not good for man to be alone:—

The third day after was a Cana weddin',—
And the wine gave out.—Now, wives, submit
Yourselves unto your husbands; you're one flesh.—
Dearly 'loved, we're here in presence of
This witnesses;—and he won't peach,—will you?—
Keep thee unto him, and him to her;—
And now by virtue of my lack of virtue,—

Reneaud. Dispense with sacrilegiousness; love
Is sacred.

Roland. Lady, on this kiss I pledge
Myself to you a lifelong hab'tant of
That heav'n which you for me create; when'ts
unseen
Walls do crumble I'll be clay, and if
I e'r prove prodigal to this sweet sacred
Home you grant me in your heart, then heav'n
Launch death and bitter woe upon my soul!
Now, sweet and lofty goodness, what say you?

Rosalie. Oh, my love, I love you!

Roland. Enough. Love is
The all-sufficient bond on woman, th' only
Tie not vain; for while it holds thou art
Fidelity and I am trust; and when it breaks,
Or rather raveled is by negligence
Of time or failing worth, all other vows
And oaths, and state and priestly bonds, as flimsy
Gauze become as that so whitely, lightly
Trims your pretty panties.

Parson. Martynia proboscidea. (Plucking the plant.)

Shiefellin. Which translated means, Cuckold's horns!

(Exeunt Shiefellin and Parson.)

Reneaud. Parson priest,
Or priestly parson, shall 't our journey's nearest
Town pronounce his word and set his seal,
Forms to which the social state impels
Us to conform.

Enla. "And with this ring I now
Thee wed, and with my worldly goods I thee
Endow. (Gives him mandolin.

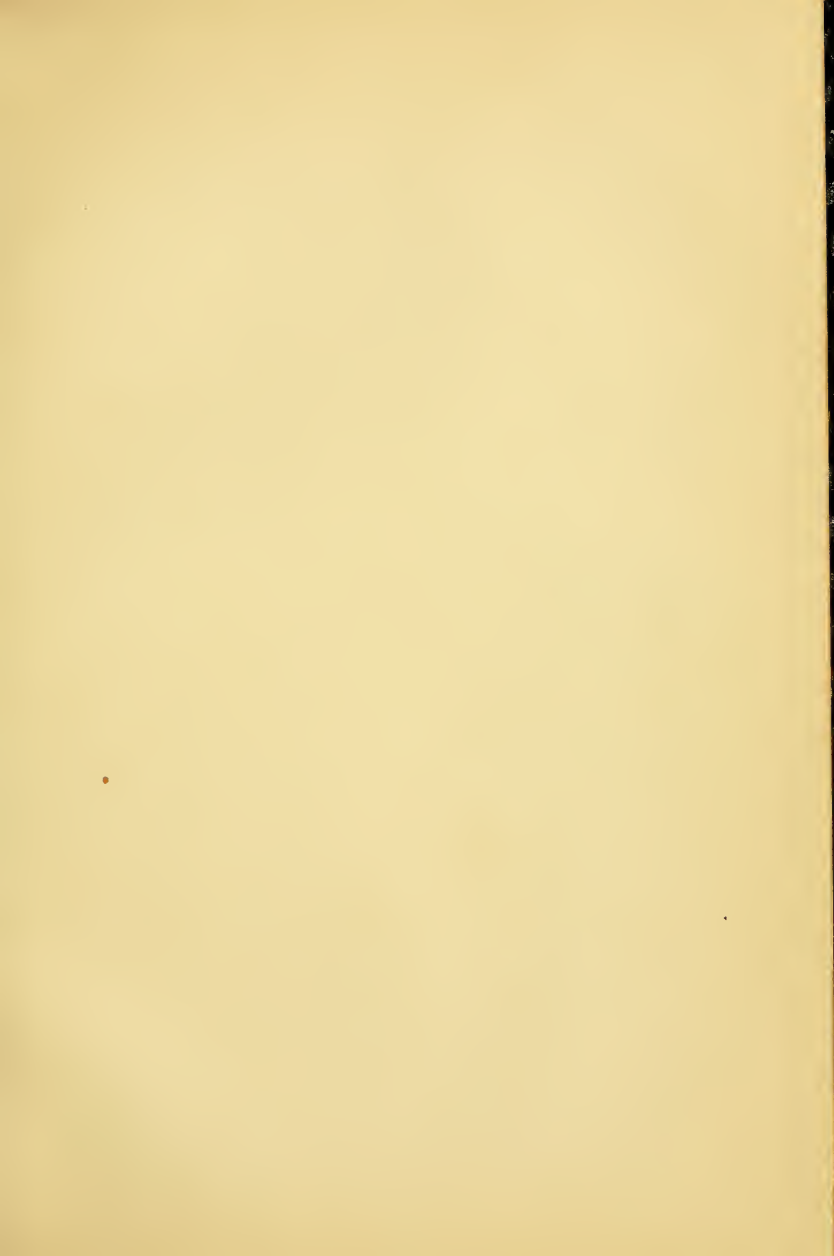
"All in our Father's name, and Son
And of the Holy Ghost!"

All "Our Fath'r who art
In heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom
Come; thy will be done on earth as 'tis
In heaven; keep us from temptation; d'liver
Us from evil; thine the kingdom; power,
Glory, ever, and forever. —

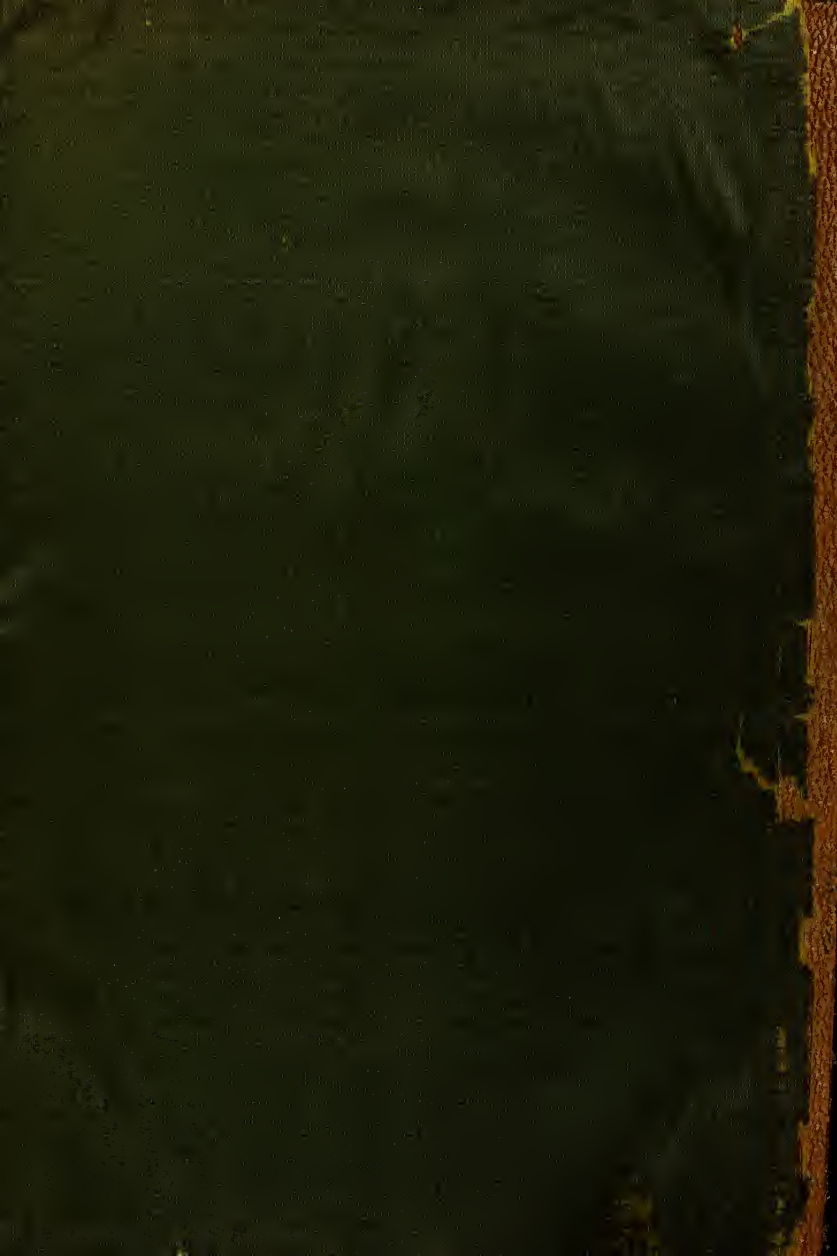
(Consecutive display of several Arizona scenes.)

(CURTAIN.)



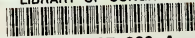








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